

HEART MELODIES



• MARY ALLETTE AYER •



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EDITED BY

MARY ALLETTE AYER

EDITOR OF "DAILY CHEER YEAR BOOK" AND
"THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP"

*Courage, Heart, as the shadows creep,
Shift your burden, and heed it not —
 After the night is noon ;
After the journey, rest ;
For the wind will wake and the stars be bright,
And the heart that sings is blest !*

— GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.



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. . . Go, trembling song,
And stay not long ; oh, stay not long ;
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith, and thy wing is love.

—SIDNEY LANIER.

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M. A. A.

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I

I

OUR life is a keyboard. The Master's fingers will sweep over it, and a weary world will catch notes of melody as we pass along. The life that is in tune with God is keyed to the note of love.

— *J. R. Miller.*

HEART MELODIES

LIFE'S MELODY

OUR lives are songs ;
God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure ;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song,
Whatever the words,
Whatever the rhyme or meter,
And if it is sad we must make it glad,
And if sweet we must make it sweeter.
— *Gibbon.*

THE inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining,
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out
To show the lining.
— *Ella Fowler Felkin.*

“Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.” —
PSALM 32 : 7.

WHY “*songs* of deliverance”? Why not
“deliverance” itself? Because the best
way to deliver a man from calamity is to put a
song in his heart. There are some who sink
under their calamity, and there are some who
swim through it. I think you will find that the
difference between these lies in the comparative
amount of their previous cheer. The balance
generally turns on the hearing or not hearing of
yesterday’s song. They who have the song al-
ready in their heart *pass over* the Red Sea; they
who have heard no previous music are submerged
in the wave.

— *George Matheson.*

SOMETIMES the storm is dark above,
Sometimes the rain is chilling;
And not a bird in all the tree
His merry note is trilling;
Yet in spite of dreary weather,
Sing my heart and I together :
“Clouds may hide the radiant skies,
Yet the sunshine never dies!”

— *Emily Huntington Miller.*

IF your religion does not make you cheerful, you have not the right sort. — *Epworth Herald*.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
There is ever a something sings alway —
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,

And a song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,

And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out when the eaves drip rain,

The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,

Be the skies above or dark or fair,

There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —

There is ever a song somewhere !

— *James Whitcomb Riley*.

SING on, O redbreast, thy brave strain ;

Sing on till sunshine conquer rain,

Till gladness conquer all thy pain.

— *Grace L. Robinson*.

I WILL be free as the rushing air,

And sing of sunshine everywhere !

— *L. Maria Child*.

SING me a song to-day,
For my heart beats high;
There is never a film of cloud
In my arching sky;
Sing me a song that shall voice my gladness,
A song that has never a note of sadness.
Sing me a song to-day,
For my heart beats low;
And shadows are over the way
That I must go;
Sing me a song to bring back gladness,
And give me courage and cure my sadness.
Sing me a song to-day,
Always a song of cheer,
Fitting if I am glad,
Or, faint with fear,
The world has many a dirge of sadness,
But all too few are its songs of gladness.

— *E. A. Lente.*

WE would never know the gladness
Of the joytime but the sadness,
Though the winter blasts the roses,
Summer comes and them discloses.

Cheer up !

— *Henry Waldorf Francis.*

AFTER all, it is not what is around us, but what is in us; not what we have, but what we are, that makes us really happy. — *Geikie.*

MY soul, thou art receiving a music lesson from thy Father. Thou art being educated for the choir invisible. There are parts of the symphony that none can take but thee. There are chords too minor for the angels. There may be heights in the symphony which are beyond thy scale — heights which the angels alone can reach. But there are depths which belong to *thee*, and can only be touched by thee. Thy Father is training thee for the part the angels cannot sing; and the school is sorrow. I have heard men say that He sends thy sorrow to *prove* thee; nay, He sends thy sorrow to educate thee, to train thee for the choir invisible. In the night He is preparing thy song. In the valley He is tuning thy voice. In the cloud He is deepening thy chords. In the storm He is enriching thy pathos. In the rain He is sweetening thy melody. In the cold He is moulding thine expression. In the transition from hope to fear He is perfecting thy lights and shades. Despise

not thy school of sorrow, O my soul! It will
give thee a unique part in the universal song.

— *Rev. George Matheson in "Zion's Herald."*

KEEP a smile on your lips; it is better
To hopefully, joyfully try
For the end you would gain than to fetter
Your life with a moan and a sigh.
There are clouds in the firmament ever
The beauty of heaven to mar,
Yet night so profound there is never,
But somewhere is shining a star.

— *Nixon Waterman.*

A SONG is such a little thing;
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When I come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song and all is well.

— *Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.
— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

MY Father, compass me with Thy songs ! It is not the song *after* the battle that I ask ; my own heart will give me these. What I need is a song before the battle. I can easily get the song of Moses ; what I require is the song of the Lamb. The song of Moses came *after* the triumph ; it was the pæan of victory. But the song of the Lamb is previous to the conflict. It was sung ere Gethsemane was entered. It preceded the hour of sacrifice. Before the sweat-drops fell, before the struggle woke, before the perils of the night arose, Thou didst send to Jesus Thy voice from heaven — Thy promise of glory. Thou didst compass Him before the battle with songs of deliverance. He took a light with Him into the valley. Not joyless did He meet the foe. He stood by the warm fire ere He went out into the cold. He felt the pressure of a hand ere He faced the silence. Thy song was with Him in the *night* ; it waited not for morning. The flower

got into the heart earlier than the thorn, and it deadened the thorn. Be mine this song of the Lamb — this song before deliverance! The song of Moses can be delayed till the conflict is over! but I cannot dispense with that other music — the song *before* the sacrifice — the song of the Lamb.

— *George Matheson in "Zion's Herald."*

LEARN to keep the song going in your life, no matter what has happened. Sometimes, perhaps, it may have a more exultant ring to it because of the personal pain you are forgetting — because the "chord of self" has "passed in music out of sight." Yet it is only another illustration of the promise that he that loseth, findeth.

— *Anna Burnham Bryant.*

IF we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all the doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knew thee best."
— *May Riley Smith.*

KEEP SINGING

DON'T let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain — it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in the throat,
Let it sing in your *spirit* still.

There is never a pain that hides not some gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter the sup, but what *in* the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Then do not despond, and say that the fond,
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
Its music is still your own.

— *Kate R. Stiles.*

SOME day we shall know that every sorrow in our lives held a secret of joy for us. Only in entire surrender and devotion to Christ can we learn the new song. — *J. R. Miller.*

THE TWO SINGERS

A SINGER sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept,
For he sang of the sorrows of fleeting years,
And the hopes which the dead past kept;
And souls in anguish their burdens bore,
And the world was sadder than ever before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled,
For he sang of the love of a Father dear,
And the trust of a little child;
And souls that before had forgotten to pray,
Looked up and went singing along their way.
— *Anon.*

IF your cup is small, fill it to the brim. Make the most of your opportunities, of honest work, and pure pleasure.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

A SONG welled up in the singer's heart
Like a song in the throat of a bird,
And loud he sang, and far it rang,
For his heart was strangely stirred ;
And he sang for the very joy of song,
With no thought of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
A heavenly patience grew ;
He fared on the way a benison
On the singer, who never knew
How a careless song of an idle hour
Has shaped a life anew.

— *Alice W. Brotherton.*

THE day may be long, but the morning
Will rise on the darkest night ;
The pilgrimage painful, but Beulah
Waits with its fields of light.

And he who sits in the shadow
Shall surely the sunshine see ;
And to all who in patience suffer,
Sweet, sweet will the recompense be.

— *Luella Clark.*

A SONG of faith and hope and cheer ;
A song of labor, peace, and love ;
A song of every grace that makes
Our earth below like heaven above.

Who maketh life a song, doth that
God loveth best. — *John White Chadwick.*

WILL winter never be over ?
Will the dark days never go ?
Must the buttercup and the clover
Be always hid under the snow ?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love,
Hark, 'tis a beautiful thing :
The weariest month of the year, love,
Is shortest and nearest the spring.
— *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

“THERE is no music in a rest, but there is
the making of music in it.” In our
whole life-melody the music is broken off here
and there by “rests,” and we foolishly think we
have come to the end of the time. God sends a
time of forced leisure, sickness, disappointed plans,
frustrated efforts, and makes a sudden pause in the

choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator.

How does the musician read the rest? See him beat the time with unvarying count and catch up the next note true and steady, as if no breaking place had come in between.

Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the time, and not be dismayed at the "rests." They are not to be slurred over, not to be omitted, not to destroy the melody, not to change the key-note. If we look up, God Himself will beat the time for us. With the eye on Him, we shall strike the next note full and clear. If we say sadly to ourselves, "There is no music in a rest," let us not forget "there is the making of music in it." The making of music is often a slow and painful process in this life. How patiently God works to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!

— *John Ruskin.*

O GIFT of God! O perfect day,
Wherein shall no man work, but play,
Wherein it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be.

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.
I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

I HEAR a little twitter and a song —
(Sharp's the wind ; the ground's all white with
snow), —

There comes this cheery little thought along :

“Soon shall we see spring's leaves and flow'rs
grow.”

I hear a little word of faith and love.

(Alone, at night, — stumbling on my way) —

Then comes a holy message from above,

“Walk on ! God's with thee night and day.”

— *Gertrude Plass.*

THEN falter not, but bear, beloved, nor pray
the Father that He send you the angel of
ease, but the angel of strength.

— *Rose Pendleton Chiles.*

SEEK to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of
the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily
life. — *Alexander Maclaran.*

LIKE the song of the lark in the first days of
spring
Is the word from your heart, with love in its ring.
Like the scent of a rose in the sweet month of
June
Is your cheer-giving thought put in words oppor-
tune.
Like a cup of cold water, clear, sparkling, and
fresh,
Are your words of good cheer or of comfort and
rest.
The world is aweary,
Be loving and cheery.
Send forth the good words that will strengthen
and bless. — *Helen Van-Anderson.*

JESUS was a rejoicing man. Although a "man
of sorrows," the deep undertone of His life,
never once failing, was gladness. Joy is set down
as one of the fruits of the Spirit, a fruit which
should be found on every branch of the great vine.

St. Paul exhorted his friends to rejoice in the Lord. There are almost countless incitements to gladness. We are to live a songful life.

— *Rev. J. R. Miller.*

THERE is a story of an old-time king who commanded that a palace be built for him to the sound of music; and richly was his wisdom rewarded, for when the palace was done it was found to be the most perfectly constructed and beautiful in the world. The builders had unconsciously wrought the music into their work, and made it a finer kind of work than had been known before.

So it is with human lives. They are infinitely better built when the builders have something to inspire and uplift them, something to kindle mind and soul, and lift them above petty and commonplace thoughts and feelings. It is just this refining and exalting influence that religion brings to the average man and woman. Religion is the music of the common life, and there is nothing to compare with it in the way of a refining and spiritualizing influence. The millions upon millions of life-builders who are building characters to the music of religion, would deteriorate into coarseness, indifference, incapacity, without the constant

uplift and joy and moral betterment that come to them out of their beliefs. Wise was the king of old who built his palace to music, and wise are they who refine and strengthen and beautify the structure of life by building the music of religion into it !

— *Zion's Herald.*

“THERE’S a little bit of view from the west window upstairs that I’ve looked at often, when the things, real hard to bear, came thicker than usual, and I begun to get a trifle down-hearted. It isn’t much — just a corner of the lake, with pines thick along the shore, and a big, blue mountain closing in behind — but it’s pretty, summer or winter ; and I’ve thought that if God wanted to be as severe with me as I’ve been tempted sometimes to think he did, how easy it would have been to leave the beauty out of that spot, or to put it in front of somebody else’s window instead of mine. That’s one of my way-side blessings. This little sitting room’s another, though you wouldn’t think it. Brother John calls it ‘tucked-up’ when he comes down from his big house in the city to spend a day or two, but it’s large enough for me, and if it was larger, there’s

often I'd sit cold for lack of wood to warm it. As it is, I've always managed to keep comfortable, and that's a good deal to be thankful for."

Suppose, that as a means of keeping our faces bright and our hearts cheerful, we begin looking up our wayside blessings. There are "common ones" — sunshine, home, friends, health — the things we should most miss if we were deprived of them. There are others which are peculiarly your own. What are they?

— *Charles T. White.*

SING you a song in the garden of life,
If only you gather a thistle ;
Sing you a song
As you travel along,
An' if you *can't sing* — why, just whistle !

— *Frank Stanton.*

JUST whistle a bit, if your heart be sore ;
'Tis a wonderful balm for pain.
Just pipe some old melody o'er and o'er,
Till it soothes like summer rain.

— *Paul Lawrence Dunbar.*

IF one looks upon the bright side
It is sure to be the right side ;
At least that's how I've found it as I've journeyed
through each day :
And it's queer how shadows vanish,
And how easy 'tis to banish
From a bright-side sort of nature every doleful
thing away. — *Mary D. Brine.*

ONE secret of the world through which thou goest
To work with morning song, to rest with
evening bells ;
Life is in tune with harmony so deep
That when the notes are lowest
Thou still canst lay thee down in peace and sleep,
For God will not forget.
— *Henry van Dyke.*

IN human life, at one time the wind blows, the
rain falls, the frosts are cruel ; at another the
sun shines, the birds sing, and all is May ; but
through shadow or through sunlight, we are travel-
ling onward. Forget not that the joy of our In-
carnation is the joy of the Resurrection also, and
there is not one single innocent joy on earth that

is not the shadow of a promise of the eternal joy
of heaven.

— *Canon Farrar.*

NOT first the bright, and after that the dark —
But first the dark, and after that the bright ;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

LIGHT may disclose a jewel, but it takes dark-
ness to disclose a star.

WAS music ever born of torture, of misery ?
It is only when the cloud of sorrow is sink-
ing in the sun-rays that song-larks awake and
ascend. A glory of some sort must fringe the
skirts of any sadness, the light of the sorrowful
soul itself must be shed upon it, and the cloud
must be far enough removed to show reflected
light, before it will yield any of the stuff of which
songs are made. And this light that gathers in
song, what is it but hope behind the sorrow —
hope so little recognized as such that it is often
called despair ? It is reviving and not decay that
sings even the saddest of songs.

— *George Macdonald.*

IN every pain there is folded the seed of a blessing — we should make sure that the seed shall have opportunity to grow, and that we may gather its fruit. In every tear a rainbow hides, but only when the sunshine falls upon the crystal drop is the splendor revealed. — *J. R. Miller.*

O ROBIN, singing through the rain,
How welcome is thy clear refrain,
The tempest trying all in vain
To cheat thee of thy song!
What cheerfulness, by pain unspent,
What gladness born of calm content,
Unto thy strain belong.

* * * * *
Let sinking hearts, taught by thy strain,
Learn, too, to triumph over pain,
And, like thee, singing in the rain
A song of hope and cheer.

— *Luella Clark.*

DO we not know that more than half our trouble is borrowed? Just suppose that we could get rid of all unnecessary and previous terror; just suppose that we could be sure of final victory in every conflict, and final emergence out of every

shadow into brighter day ; how our hearts would be lighted, how much more bravely we should work and fight and march forward ! This is the courage to which we are entitled, and which we may find in the thought that God is with us everywhere. He will not let any one destroy us. We may be hurt, but we can never be harmed. The course of our journey has been appointed by Him, He knows the way even through the darkness, and its goal is in His bosom. Be of good cheer, your Shepherd has overcome the world.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

II

LIVE to some purpose, make thy life
A gift of use to thee,
A joy, a good and golden hope,
A heavenly argosy.

— *Bryan Waller Procter.*

THE SONG OF LIFE

MORNING, noon, and night;
Morning, noon, and night.
And is this all of life?
Yea, this repeated song is all;
Yet from this routine so monotonous
'Tis in the power of each to wake
Sublimest harmonies.
And make each morn of life a diapason
Full of praise; each mid-day hour
A celebration of the soul's high noon;
Each night a soothing vesper song,
Sweeter by far than music from the harp
Æolian when 'tis fanned by summer breeze.
Thus shall we wear the royal victor's crown,
And taste e'en here eternal joys.

— *Jennie Elizabeth Gates.*

LIVING and loving and dying,
Life is complete in the three;
Smiling or sobbing or sighing;
Which is for you or for me?

Hoping and struggling and striving,
Dreaming success by and by ;
But whether we're driven or driving,
We live, and we love, and we die.

— *James W. Foley.*

LIFE and religion are one, or neither is nothing.
— *George Macdonald.*

IT is not religion, but the lack of it, that makes people unhappy. Yet how strangely and how widely the opposite view prevails ! There are many who think of religion not only as a galling drudgery, but as the surest source of moroseness, melancholy, and unhappiness of life. Their idea is that religion is a system of suffering to which many people are willing to submit here in order that they may not suffer hereafter — that religion's only happiness is in the future, its rewards after death. Instead, the real fact is that religion is a thing of present joy and ever continuing blessedness. It is the gladdest, happiest thing in all this world. " Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is religion that gives us the bright things in life and sin the dark things,

and not *vice versa*. Religion goes down to the deepest springs of our mental and spiritual well-being. It brings untold measures of peace and joy. It takes the sting out of the past. It takes the worry out of the present. It takes the fear out of the future.

— *G. B. F. Hallock.*

WOULD you learn the secret of royal, because useful, living? Then lay to your heart these words from the pen of one who counts among his greatest joys the rich harvest of his patient toilings: "To work hard; to take counsel of my hopes and not my fears; to deal justly with myself and generously with others; to commune with God in my heart and be still; to ever and again to work—the closer my devotion to these, the more light and happiness come in my windows."

— *Epworth Herald.*

SEEK your joy in what you give, and not in what you get.

— *Evan Roberts.*

THE life worth living is the life of the man who works, of the man who strives, of the man who does, of the man who, at the end, can look back and say, I know I have faltered; I know I have stumbled; but, as the strength was

given me I strove to use it, I strove to leave the world better and not worse because I had lived in it.

— *Theodore Roosevelt.*

SERVE the Lord with gladness ;
Come before His presence with singing.

— *Psalm 100 : 2.*

LIFE'S more than breadth and the quick round
of blood, it is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarcely do live.

BE good . . . and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, nor dream them all day
long,

And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

IT is enough just to be good,
To lift our hearts where they are understood.
To let the thought of worldly power and place go
unappeased,
To smile back in God's face,
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss.
Ah, though we miss all else but this,—
To be good is enough.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

WE know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer — what, we know not till we try ;
But something nobler than to live and die.

— *Shelley*.

IT was Goethe who said, "Life is a quarry."
He does not mean the life outside of yourself.
He means your own life, that separate part of
God's universe over which he has set you as
supreme master, king to rule the dominion.
Goethe says that this life, your own life, his life,
everybody's life, is a quarry. A quarry is a place
where stone is gotten. The value of a quarry is
always in the quality of its stone. The Rutland
marble quarries are famed all over our own coun-
try. Now, life, if it be a quarry, is simply a place
containing a something that is valued, unformed,
but with skill may be wrought into what is valu-
able. The stone from a quarry is chiselled into
form. A greater value comes from the chiselling
of this stone. Michael Angelo's "Moses" is
witness of what a great artist may do with a chisel
upon a block of marble. Really, then, if your
own life is a quarry, you yourself must be the
artist, and out of the material of that quarry you

are going to make what is beautiful and worthful to the world. Let me complete the entire quotation, "Life is a quarry out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character."

— *John T. McFarland.*

GOD keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream !
In diapason slow, we think
To hear their pinions rise and sink,
While they float pure beneath His eye,
Like swans adown a stream.
Abstractions, are they, from the forms
Of His great beauty ? exaltations
From His great glory ? strong previsions
Of what we shall be ? intuitions
Of what we are — in calms and storms,
Beyond our peace and passions ?

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

YOU remember the famous line of Robert Browning, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" ? That was the one source of the optimism of Browning ; but the optimism of Jesus went a great deal deeper. It was the fact that God was in his earth, so that the ravens were

fed and the lilies were adorned, and so that the very hairs of a man's head are numbered — it was that which gave a radiant quietude to Christ.

— *G. H. Morrison.*

HOW many people miss the real meaning and purpose of life! Overwhelmed by its mystery, perplexed by its motive, depressed by its miseries, they do not feel the spell of its majesty, nor succumb to the charm of its sweet melodies, nor enter into the joys of its noble ministries.

The words of Jesus Christ, "The life is more than meat," come as a message of warning and of inspiration to those who are bound to the earth by their evil propensities; whose eyes do not behold the glories of the hills and skies; who are content to work in the sordid soil of selfishness, and who are steeped in covetousness and defiled by the stain of sin.

Life is infinitely more than meat, raiment, money, pleasure, social position, or intellectual distinction. It has its root in the venerable past and reaches out into the mysterious but certain future. It is a gift from Him who inhabiteth eternity, and is the recognition by God of the eternal

element in man, and of the human affinity for the divine.

Life is a serious thing, and a precious heritage. It cannot be treated carelessly with impunity ; violation of its great, divine laws is meted with swift and unerring punishment. He who would get the most out of it must put the most into it ; and there is no better way to get the utmost benefit out of it than by making every day of it count in the largest measure for the glory of God and the blessing of man.

— *Epworth Herald*.

OUR life is but the childhood of our eternity, the school days preparatory for the immortal years beyond.

— *Canon Farrar*.

SHALL we not see life's mystery made plain,
As some fair pictured tapestry that seems
Upon its nether side, beneath the hand
Of him who wears, naught but disordered threads ;
And colors in a wild confusion mixed ;
While on the upper surface shine the forms
Of beauty, and the colors rich and rare
That had their birth deep in the master's mind,
There glowing ere they saw the light of day? . . .

Shall we not be like some o'erweary child
From whose limp fingers slips the tedious task,
And, while it slumbers, mother's gentle hands
Undo the stitches ; all the tangled threads
In order lay, and when the child awakes,
Its tears have changed to smiles, its troubles fled ?

— *Henry Nehemiah Dodge.*

REFLECT that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone ;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.

— *Dr. Johnson.*

SO, at the loom of life, we weave
Our separate threads, that varying fall,
Some stained, some fair, and, passing, leave
To God the gathering up of all. . . .

In His vast work, for good or ill,
The undone and the done He blends,
With whatsoever woof we fill,
To our weak hands His might He lends,
And gives the threads beneath His eye,
The texture of eternity.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

ALL things work together for good to them that love God.—*Romans 8: 28.*

ALL things “work together,” many different colors, in themselves raw and unsightly, are required to weave the harmonious pattern . . . take a thread separately, and there may be neither use nor beauty discernible. But complete the web, and you see how perfect and symmetrical the result.

— *J. R. Macduff.*

THE LOOMS OF GOD

THE years of man are the looms of God, let
down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web
is done.

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for him-
self his fate —

We may not see how the right side looks, we can
only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath
need to fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven, the Perfect
Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of the Saviour forever and
 alway in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is
 sure to be right.

And when the work is ended, and the web is turned
 and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say
 unto Him, "Well done !"

And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear
 him thence shall come down ;
And God shall give him gold for his hire — not
 coin, but a glowing crown.

— *Anson G. Chester.*

A PETITION TO TIME

TOUCH us gently, Time !

 Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream !
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three —
One is lost, — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead !

Touch us gently, Time !
We've not proud nor soaring wings :
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some small clime ; —
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time !
— *Bryan Waller Procter.*

I SOMETIMES feel the thread of life is slender
And soon with me the labor will be wrought ;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender —
The time, the time is short.
— *Hezekiah Butterworth.*

WHAT a vast portion of our lives is spent in
anxious and useless forebodings concerning
the future, either our own or that of our dear ones !
Present joys, present blessings, slip by and we miss
half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in
Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sun-
beam. O, when shall we learn the sweet trust in
God our little children teach us every day by their
confiding faith in us ? We who are so mutable, so

faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home?

— *Phillips Brooks.*

OUR biggest, blackest troubles are often only the locomotive drawing our richest treasure train.

IT ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.

— *Anon.*

A LIVING torch and a dead ember were sent forth into the world to find out what the world was like. The torch returned and reported that there was light everywhere. The ember reported that it was dark everywhere, with not a ray of light shining. So do men find in the world just what is in themselves. One man says it is a world of sadness. There is nothing in it

but sorrow. All its songs are songs of tears. He has not found a bit of blue nor heard a note of gladness in all his rounds. Poor man! it is only the gloom of his own heart that he is reporting. He has in him no capacity for seeing beauty or for hearing joy notes. Another man goes out over precisely the same course, hearing the same sounds, and seeing the same sights, and he reports that he found only music and loveliness everywhere. The world was full of sweet songs. On every spot flowers bloomed; everywhere light was shining.

— *J. R. Miller.*

LIFT thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms, and earthly darkness. — *Richter.*

BE assured that endurance is nobler than strength, and patience than beauty.

— *John Ruskin.*

I OFTEN think I cannot spell
The lesson I must learn,
And then in weariness and doubt
I pray the page may turn.
But time goes on, and soon I find

I was learning all the while ;
And words which seemed most dimly traced
Shine out with rainbow smile.

We do not see our Teacher's face,
We do not hear his voice,
And yet we know that He is near,
We feel it and rejoice.
There is a music round our hearts
Set in no mortal key ;
There is a presence with our souls,
We know that it is He.

His loving teaching cannot fail
And we shall know at last
Each task that seemed so hard and strange
When learning time is past.
And then to know as we are known
Shall be our glorious prize,
To see the Teacher who hath been
So patient and so wise.

O joy untold ! yet not alone
Shall ours the gladness be ;
The travel of His soul in us
Our Saviour God shall see.

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's.
Be comforted!
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge! What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

MY life may lead through shadowed night,
Like some deserted byway.
But though life's dearest joy I miss
There lies a nameless strength in this —
I will be worthy of it.
— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

FORENOON, afternoon, and night! —
Forenoon, and afternoon, and night —
Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, this is life; make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.
— *Edward Rowland Sill.*

IF we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.

— *Charles Spurgeon.*

TO be patient under a heavy cross is no small praise; to be contented is more; but to be cheerful is the highest pitch of Christian fortitude.

— *Bishop Hall.*

THERE is no journey of life but has its clouded days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way or even read God's promises. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunderclaps and bursts of unlooked-for sorrows, are the ones that test certain of our graces the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the daylight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing, but the pupil of our eye gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of bereavement, so that we discover that our loving

Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the gloom becomes luminous with glory.

—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

WOULD we be strong? We must often be put to the trial of our strength. Covet we the best gifts? They are not granted to the undisciplined.

We "rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things." No one soul is so obscure that God does not take thought for its schooling. The sun is the central light of the universe, but it has a mission to the ripening corn and the purpling clusters of the vine. The sunshine that comes filtering through the morning mists, with healing in its wings, and charms all the birds to singing, should have, also, a message from God to sad hearts. No soul is so grief-laden that it may not be lifted to sources of heavenly comfort by recognizing the divine love in the perpetual recurrence of earthly blessings : —

“The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring ;
And even upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks ;
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all His works,
Hath left His hope with all."

— *Mary H. Houghton.*

EVERY life that seeks in love and loyalty to do the will of God is a complete and perfect life, no matter how or where it ends ; that to be faithless is to fail, whatever the apparent success of earth ; that to be faithful is to succeed, whatever the apparent failure on earth.

“ For thence a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks ;
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail ? ”

Failure, then, is never an obsolete word—always relative ; and the only real failure is inside, not outside. It is not being true to the best we know. Inside failure is the only calamity. Outside failure may be the greatest blessing.

— *Maltbie D. Babcock.*

IT is better to prefer honorable defeat to a mean victory, to lowering the level of our aim that we may more certainly enjoy the complacency of success.

— *John Ruskin.*

MY business is not to remake myself,
But make the absolute best of what
God made. — *Robert Browning.*

CHEER and good nature radiate from a countenance that reflects always the light of goodness.

IN all things of the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.
— *John Ruskin.*

WE are not through with our life as we live it. Every act, every word, every thought, every choice, is a seed which we drop. We go on carelessly, never dreaming that we shall ever again see our deeds. Then some day we come upon an ugly plant growing somewhere, and we ask, "What is this?" Comes the answer: "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." Our lives are the little garden plats in which it is our privilege to drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruits of the seeds which we are planting these days.
— *J. R. Miller.*

LIFE'S ANSWER

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot ;
If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.
Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee ;
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine ;
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.
One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board ;
Above the raving of the gale
 I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite, —
 I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light, —
 He tempers all.
Safe to the land, safe to the land, —
 The end is this ;

And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

— *Henry Alford.*

WHO is the angel that cometh?
Life!

Let us not question what he brings,
Peace or strife,
Under the shade of his mighty wings.
We will arise and go forth to greet him,
Singing gladly, with one accord,
“Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord.”

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

GOD asks no man if he will accept life. That
is not the choice. You *must* take it. The
only choice is, *how*.

SCULPTORS of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it yet on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,

Its heavenly vision shall be our own,
Our lives — that angel vision.

— *Bishop Doane.*

“TAKE your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose by and by.” Life is like that — one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TOO great Thy heart is to despise;
Thy day girds centuries about;
From things we “little” call, Thine eyes
See great things looking out.

— *George Macdonald.*

IN our Father’s school are many benches. This life is school-time. Whatever the word God writes on the top of your page — patience, courage, forgiveness, resignation — copy it over and over until he gives you another word. Never murmur. Do your best to solve your problems. If they are hard, try hard. If you are in the dark, say, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.” When

you feel like complaining, listen. Be still before God. David said, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." That is better than moaning and lamenting; but let us leap from David to Jesus, and say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" "Father, glorify Thy name." So shall we be made perfect through suffering."

— *Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D.*

CONTENTMENT

I AM content. In trumpet tones,
My song let people know;
And many a mighty man with thrones
And sceptre is not so.
And if he is, I joyful cry,
Why, then, he's just the same as I.

My motto is, — *Content with this.*
Gold — place — I prize not such.
That which I have, my measure is;
Wise men desire not much.
Men wish and wish, and have their will,
And wish again as hungry still.

Be noble — that is more than wealth ;
Do right — that's more than place ;
Then in the spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face ;
Then thou art with thyself as one
And, no man hating, fearest none.
— *George Macdonald.*

THE WEB OF LIFE

MY life, which was so straight and plain,
Has now become a tangled skein,
Yet God still holds the thread ;
Weave as I may, His hand doth guide
The shuttle's course, however wide
The chain in woof be wed.

One weary night, when months went by,
I plied my loom with tear and sigh,
In grief unnamed, untold ;
But when at last the morning's light
Broke on my vision, fair and bright,
There gleamed a cloth of gold.

And now I never lose my trust,
Weave as I may — and weave I must —

That God doth hold the thread ;
He guides my shuttle on its way,
He makes complete my task each day ;
What more, then, can be said ?

— *Clara F. Moore.*

III

WHAT though shadows rise to obscure life's
 skies,
And hide for the time the sun ;
They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

— *Kate R. Stiles.*

LIFE'S SILVER LINING

IS the road very dreary ?

Patience yet !

Rest will be sweeter if thou art aweary ;

And after the night cometh the morning cheery,

Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

The clouds have a silver lining,

Don't forget ;

And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining :

Courage ! Instead of tears and sad repining,

Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

Grief, sharper sting doth borrow

From regret ;

But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow

Unfit us for the present and the morrow ?

Nay ; bide a wee, and dinna fret.

— *Anna Shipton.*

FORESHADOWINGS

O SUMMER sunshine soft and still,
That will not stay;
O tender green on vale and hill
That soon will fade away;
O glad, brown thrush, that in green nook
Sings for a day;
O drooping elm, whose roots it took
A hundred years to lay.

I look and listen — while I think,
The years go on;
More elms will shade the river's brink
When these are gone;
And other thrushes here will sing,
Their little lay;
And fresher, tenderer green may spring
When this shall fade away.
— *Luella Clark.*

IT is faith
The feeling that there's God, He reigns
and rules
Out of this low world.

— *Robert Browning.*

I SCOFFED at the "silver lining";
I sneered at Hope. The care
That fell about my every hour
Cast shadow everywhere.
My little daughter listened
And, smiling, made reply,
"I thought that shadows never fell
Unless the sun were nigh!"

— *F. A. Whiting.*

I ONCE saw a dark shadow resting on the
bare side of a hill. Seeking its cause, I saw a
little cloud bright as the light floating in the clear
blue above. Thus it is with our sorrow. It may
be dark and cheerless here on earth; yet look
above and you shall see it to be but a shadow of
His brightness whose name is Love.

— *Anon.*

OH, small shall seem all sacrifice
And pain and loss
When God shall wipe the weeping eyes,
For suffering give the victor's prize,
The crown for cross!

— *John G. Whittier.*

O God of the hills and valleys,
We bless thee on our way !
Thou art near in the morning splendor,
And burden and heat of the day.
Near when the night mists gather,
Near when the morn shall rise,
And we pass from the valley's shadow
To the hills of paradise.
— *Lillian Ellis Charlton.*

I THANK Thee, O my Father,
For the sunshine and the rain,
For the beauty and the pleasure,
For the weariness and pain.

For the hours of sorrow brought me
Knowledge of a joy divine,
And I learned, through pain and weakness,
That the strength of God is mine.
— *Ida L. Lewis.*

PROVIDENCE has a thousand keys to open
a thousand doors for the deliverance of His
own.

— *Samuel Rutherford.*

DARK clouds in the air hid the blue sky so fair
We watched through the moistening pane,
And hoped it might bring, as a token of spring,
A sweet little shower of rain.

Soon the rain coming down on the cottage roof
brown,
We heard with a thrill of delight,
It pattered and tinkled, and spattered and sprinkled
The new grass and leaves tender and bright.

Garden beds we had made it carefully sprayed,
Made greener the green fields of wheat,
Then hung out a bow with glory aglow.
How we breathed in the air fresh and sweet !

The bright little rills rippled down from the hills,
The clouds were all washed from the skies,
The song of a bird from a tree top was heard,
And the violets waked in surprise.

— *Delia Hart Stone.*

ALITTLE sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

SO, when spring comes
With sunshine back again like an old smile,
And the fresh waters and awakened birds
And budding woods await us, I shall be
Prepared, and we will question life once more,
Till its old sense shall come renewed by change,
Like some clear thought which harsh words veiled
before ;
Feeling, God loves us, and that all which errs
Is but a dream which death will dissipate.

— *Robert Browning.*

OH, trust God and take courage ! If He has
seemed to set bounds to your path, and hedged
you in, be assured that there is for you a broader,
higher, and grander mission than any you have yet
conceived of for yourself. Strive to be a bit of
blue sky in the lives of those around you. Then
your life cannot be a failure any more than those
blue rays are a failure.

— *A. M. Gordon.*

THROUGHOUT the living summer day
The leaf and twin-born shadow play
Till leaf to shadow fade ;

Then, hidden for a season brief,
They dream, till shadow turn to leaf, .
As leaf was turned to shade.

— *John B. Tabb.*

SAID the little brown leaf as it hung in the air,
To the little brown leaf below,
“What a summer we’ve had
To rejoice and be glad,
But to-day there’s a feeling of snow.”

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

NOW is winter and now is sorrow ;
No roses, but only thorns to-day ;
Thorns will put on roses to-morrow,
Winter and sorrow scudding away, —
No more winter and no more sorrow
To-morrow.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

O HEART of mine, we shouldn’t
Worry so !
What we’ve missed of calm,
We couldn’t have you know !
What we’ve met of stormy pain,

And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow !

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THERE'S always lots of other folks you kin be
sorry for 'stid of yourself.

— *Mrs. Wiggs.*

THEN take the sunshine God has sent,
And share that light and life with all ;
Just let the burden fall ; consent
To live content. — *Felicia Blake.*

OH, yes, we love ; albeit winter snows
Cover the flowers, the flowers are there,
God knows. — *H. C. Beeching.*

NEVER was there a cloud which has not passed,
A storm, however long, which did not cease ;
And though our way be darkly overcast
By sorrow's shade, beyond is sure release ;
As sure as that God lives for aye and aye,
If only we keep on our steady way.

— *Antoinette van Hoesen.*

FAITH shares the future promise ; love's
Self-offering is a triumph won ;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer the sun.

— *J. G. Whittier.*

THE strange way, my dearie —
The bright world and cold ;
For God gives one the violets,
And God gives one the gold. . . .

The strange way, my dearie —
Its blue skies and gray ;
But God shall read the riddle
There — at His judgment day.

— *Frank L. Stanton.*

GOD hath not promised sun without rain,
Joy without sorrow, peace without pain ;
But God *hath* promised strength from above,
Unfailing sympathy, undying love. — *Anon.*

HAD we only sunshine all the year around,
Without the blessing of refreshing rain,
Would we scatter seed upon the fallow ground,
And hope to gather flowers, fruit, and grain ?

Had we not a sorrow or a cross to bear,
For Him who bears the burden of our sin,
Would we know the sweetness of His love and
care,
Or even strive eternal life to win?

Can we prize the sunshine and deplore the rain,
Repining when the days are dark and drear?
Can we hope for pleasure, yet deny the pain,
Or share the joys of life without the tear?

— *Charles H. Gabriel.*

IT ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell' till
it rains.

— *Mrs. Wiggs.*

IT is best to let old troubles sleep;
Why need to rouse them? you are happy, sure!
But if one asks, "Art happy?" why, it sets
The thoughts a-working. No, say I; let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

YOU needn't pick up any worries. You can
get them anywhere as you go along.

— *Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

SOME people are always finding fault with Nature for putting thorns on roses ; I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.

— *Alphonse Karr.*

LIFE'S attar of roses is as rare as it is precious, and it takes sunshine of many summers and the bearing of many thorns to produce a single drop, but the perfume of it will last forever.

— *Ellen T. Fowler.*

THE summer comes and the summer goes ;
Wild flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden, it snows.

— *T. B. Aldrich.*

THE skies are never so bright as when they have been washed by a shower.

THERE'S a little splash of sunshine and a little
spot of shade
Always somewhere near ;

The wise bask in the sunshine, but the foolish
choose the shade —

The wise are gay and happy, on the foolish sor-
row's laid,

And the fault's their own, I fear.

For the little splash of sunshine and the little spot
of shade

Are here for joint consumption, for comparison are
made.

We're all meant to be happy — not too foolish or
too staid ;

And the right dose to be taken is some sunshine
mixed with shade !

— *Stanley Dark.*

O RAINY days ! O days of sun !
What are ye all when the day is done ?
Who shall remember sun or rain ?

O years of loss ! O joyful years !
What are ye all when heaven appears ?
Who shall look back for joy or pain ?
— *William Prescott Foster.*

BECALMED along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.
— *John T. Trowbridge.*

UPON the grass the mist-wreaths lie ;
Above the mist, spread thick and far,
The hurrying rain-cloud, gray and swift ;
But a star shines through a wind-rent rift,
The blue sky just beyond the star,
And God's above the sky.
— *C. D. Robinson.*

IT is a well-known fact that there is a perfect calm at the centre of every cyclone, and above it there is a patch of blue sky, which is called by sailors "the eye of the storm." So there is a heavenly calm at the centre of all the storms of life, and a serene, bright sky above it, which is the eye of the divine Father; He is the calm centre and the eye of the storm, and those who trust in Him will never be moved.

— *Z. Mather.*

“SOMEWHERE the sun is shining always,”
and there is never a trouble so dark but the
great Father sends a ray of light that we may fix
our eyes upon it if we will but look up high
enough.

Here is a good little bright side story, and it is
perfectly true, too : A washerwoman in a miserable
tenement-house was asked how she managed to
always keep singing amid her discouraging sur-
roundings. “Oh,” answered she, “because there
is always a good, refreshing breeze in the alley.”
She looked bravely for the bright side, then —

“Forgot that she bore the burden
And carried away the song.”

To every such brave soul God giveth songs in
the night. Let us assiduously cultivate the profit-
able habit of looking on the bright side, for “Be-
hind every storm of trial and every cloud of sorrow
is the heavenly blue of Christ’s unchangeable love.”

— D. V. F. in *Epworth Herald*.

SUNRISE is on the hills, and now
The world is full of golden light,
The flowers in field and wood are bright,
And birds sing on the apple bough.

* * * * *

But, toiling one, the radiant day
 May darken ere the noon be nigh ;
 Clouds may across the blue deeps fly,
Wild storm-winds sweep the blooms away,
And drive the song-birds from the spray ;
 Or rainy eve may give the lie
To the sweet promises that lay
 At morn upon the earth and sky.

O soul, record not now the hour ;
 Wait thou, — the sun shall shine again ;
 Life shall not always walk with pain,
Nor poverty be all thy dower.
Toil on for truth and right, nor cower
 To evil and the mighty train ;
Thy work shall win the victor's power,
 And thou shalt reap the golden grain.
 — *Sarah E. Graves.*

WHO shall despair while the fields of earth are
 sown with flowers and the fields of heaven
blossom with stars? — *Hamilton Wright Mabie.*

SAW the rainbow in the heaven,
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"

And the good Nokomis answered :
“ ’Tis the heaven of flowers you see there ;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

O BEAUTIFUL rainbow — all woven of light !
There’s not in thy tissue one shadow of night :
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear ;
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near
And sing, — The rainbow ! the rainbow !
The smile of God is here.

— *Sarah J. Hale.*

NOT a thought of blue on the sky, sweetheart ;
Not a thought of blue on the sky ;
The gray white clouds are cold and drear
That the north winds hustle by.
* * * * *
But under the clouds is the sun, sweetheart :
And under the ice is the sod ;
Under the brown of the stems are buds ;
Over all is the heart of God.

— *George Klinge.*

STEADILY the rain is falling,
In the sky no blue appears ;
But the sun is just behind the
Prism of those crystal tears.

— *Margaret Sangster.*

THE dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us.

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

COMETH sunshine after rain,
After mourning joy again,
After heavy, bitter grief
Cometh surely sweet relief ;
And my soul, who from her height
Sank to realms of woe and night,
Wingeth now to heaven her flight.

* * * * *

Though to-day may not fulfil
All thy hopes, have patience still,
For perchance to-morrow's sun
Sees thy happier days begun.

As God willeth march the hours,
Bringing joy at last in showers,
When whate'er we ask is ours !

— *Paul Gerhardt.*

A HEALTH unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets,
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

— *Sidney Lanier.*

YET listen, sad heart, to the glad refrain
Of the brown-winged birds in the brown-
hedge lane ;
Summer has gone, but she comes again,
Sweet summer never can die !
And youth, sweet youth, is immortal too,
And will bloom again as the roses do ;
And love is eternal, and lights life through,
Though youth and the rose go by !

— *E. Nesbit.*

THE tiny ray of sunshine which stole in through the crack of the shutter yesterday wrote with its golden pen these words upon the darkness within: "There is a great big world of sunshine just like me outside." Don't keep sunshine barred out from your soul. Open wide the shutters. Do not interpret the meaning of life from the darkness, but from the sunshine which falls upon it. The joy of yesterday which crept into your clouded life points you to a world that abounds with it. The satisfaction you felt to-day upon doing that good turn for another was as a drop to the ocean of satisfaction you will find if you make every other day just like this.

— *Ram's Horn.*

DOES it rain to-day? Is it dark and gloomy? That is all right; there must be some stormy days. To-morrow the clouds will have a silvery lining or disappear entirely. Does the sun shine? Enjoy the sunshine. To-morrow may be bright also. Are you well? Enjoy your health and use it to the best advantage. Are you ill? Then it is a day in which to be patient and endure cheerfully. Are you free from trouble? Then it is a thanksgiving day. Are you carrying heavy bur-

dens for yourself or others ? Then it is a day for
the rolling off your burdens at the foot of the cross.

—*Louise Heywood.*

WITH the sun o'erhead, your song of praise
Like the lark to heaven mounts,
But how will you sing in the rainy days ?
For that is what really counts.

—*Langdon Ballinger.*

IF your spirits are low, do something; if you
have been doing something, do something dif-
ferent.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THERE is no sign of dark or rain
On the fair face of fruit and flower ;
Yea, and no memory of pain
To hearts in one glad triumph hour ;
But God, who saw the way they made,
Knows where the sunshine met the shade.

Sunshine and shower for the world —
Quiet and tempest, light and shade —
Before one tiny leaf is curled,
Before one dainty bud is made ;

Some days the storms, and some the sun,
Till all the heavenward growth be done.

— *Nancy B. Turner.*

DID ever a shadow sit on one side of the hearth
without an angel on the other ?

— *James Buckham.*

NEVER forget that when God takes away the
sunlight, He always puts stars in the sky.

— *Rose Porter.*

WHO believes that God forgets ?

Hath He not scattered violets
With their punctual white and blue ?
His the slender meadow rue,
His the evening primrose clocks,
And, all the spongy meadow through,
Gay marsh-marigolds in flocks.

Who believes that God forgets ?
What remembrance, strong and clear,
In the cycles of the year :
Where the fragrant May-time snows,
Apple blossoms tinged with rose,

Perish, 'mid our vain regrets,
Ripening apples, red and green,
On denuded boughs are seen.

Thou hast often God forgot,
But He in mercy changes not.
All the changing stars above,
All unchanging human love,
Each new heart-beat, every breath,
Cherished life, and hateful death,
Tell that God remembereth.

— *Isaac Ogden Rankin.*

THERE is no day so dark,
But through the murk some ray of hope may
steal,
Some blessed touch from heaven, that we may feel
If we but choose to mark.

We shut the portals fast
And turn the key, and let no sunshine in ;
Yet the worst despair that comes through sin
God's light shall reach at last.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

THERE is always the sunshine, only we must
do our part, we must move into it.

— *Clara Louise Burnham.*

“WHATEVER the weather may be,” says he,
“Whatever the weather may be,
It’s the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That’s makin’ the sun shine everywhere.”

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

UPON the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully ;
From the far lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies ;
So darken all the happy skies ;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern ;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away ;
What though our eyes with tears are wet ?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope, and joy once more ;
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

— *Celia Thaxter.*

IV

OWN, if you can, one of those welcome faces that bring the sunshine to life's shadowed places.

— *Nixon Waterman.*

BLEST power of sunshine ! genial day,
What balm, what life are in thy ray.

— *John Milton.*

SUNSHINE

WHY not cast a gleam of sunshine over Life's
rough road to-day ?

Why not brighten up the shady spots we find along
the way ?

Just a little smile will do it ; or a kindly word to
show

We appreciate the efforts of our fellow-beings so
That we wish to let them know it by a friendly
glance or nod

Which shall surely help them upward on their pil-
grimage to God.

Just a willing hand to strengthen and a pleasant
smile to cheer,

Just a loving word of comfort to the heart o'er-
come with fear.

Just a little thoughtful kindness shown to each one
we may meet,

Sends the sunshine o'er life's rugged road and rests
the weary feet,

And they're each so easily given that it seems a
shame to miss
Such a splendid opportunity to "help along" as
this. — *M. Gertrude Robinson.*

RESOLVE to keep happy, and your joy and
you shall form an invincible host against
difficulties. — *Helen Keller.*

JOY in the heart makes cheer in the face.

"**I** JUST likes to let her in at the door," said
Mary, the housemaid, of a woman who always
looked bright and cheery; "the face of her does
one good, shure!" People like sunny-faced
women, who look habitually on the positive, opti-
mistic side of life, and who are, as Ralph Waldo
Trine happily puts it, "in tune with the Infinite."
They unconsciously radiate a helpful influence.
As they are full of the magnetism and vitality born
of hope, and an unshaken belief in the highest and
best things in human life, it could not be otherwise
with them. As they are related to all that is
strong and uplifting on both spiritual and physical

planes, it would be strange if they did not create an atmosphere helpful to all who enter it.

— *Orison Swett Marden.*

SO others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrops with another near.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

CHEER, what is it?
The blossom of a loving heart,
The perfume of a happy word.

I HAVE told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting.

In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eye away from troubles, I pack them up into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.

— *Robert Southey.*

IS not the man or woman who puts on magnifying glasses to make the pleasures that come look as great as possible, much wiser than he or she who puts on smoked glasses and at once declares that even the sunshine is dark, and there is nothing but dense gloom everywhere?

To be sure, troubles come to all of us; but we know that if God sends us on stony paths, he will provide us with strong shoes. What a happy, blessed thing it would be for all of us if we would implicitly trust God's promises! Our lives would then be as bright and cheery as a sunshiny winter day. And why is it that we do not trust Him implicitly? He has told us that all things work together for our good if we but love Him; and if we would but take Him at His word, even the shadowy parts of life would become radiant with the reflection of His tender love and care.

It is a blessed privilege to talk over our troubles to our Heavenly Father, but it is not at all necessary for us to be forever harping upon them to our friends. We should, like Robert Southey, "pack them into as small a compass as possible for ourselves, and *never allow them to annoy others.*"

— *D. V. F. in Epworth Herald.*

A MERRY heart doeth good like a medicine.
— *Proverbs.*

“HOW grateful we ought to be,” exclaims Henry Ward Beecher, “when God sends us a natural heart-singer who calms, cheers, and helps his fellows!” There are natural heart-singers to whom songs and smiles come as spontaneously as sighs and tears to others. The latter have been unfortunate in their heredity, or early environment, or training, for a normal man or woman is cheerful, healthy, and optimistic, while an abnormal one is gloomy, unhealthy, and pessimistic. Clouds and sunshine alternate in every life. Those who prefer to sulk in the shadow, when the sun is shining, have none but themselves to blame if all the world seems dark and miserable.
— *Orison Swett Marden.*

WHOEVER would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul. The face catches the glow only from that side.

— *Rev. W. C. Gannett.*

HAPPINESS comes from the concords of one's own nature and not from outward circumstances. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

MUSIC must be in the heart, or it will come out of the fingers, notes, not music. — *Charles Reade.*

YOU may bear the sunshine wherever you go,
For a smiling face is the face to show,
And the world hath need of your cheer.
Why add to its burden of groans and sighs ?
'Twere better, my friends, to call to its eyes
A smile instead of a tear.

Be brave and be glad, and your joy will rest,
Like a nested bird, in some troubled breast ;
Some heart with its sore repining
Will find the star in the midnight sky
And catch the gleam as the clouds drift by
Of the radiant silver lining. — *Anon.*

HEARTS, like plants, must live in the sunshine to thrive.

THE only way to keep happiness is to give it.
We save it when we scatter it everywhere.

I LIVE on the sunny side of the street; shady
folks live on the other. I have always preferred the sunshine, and have tried to put other people there, if only for an hour or two at a time.
— *M. P. Wilder.*

THE world delights in sunny people. The old
are hungering for love more than for bread. The air of joy is very cheap; and, if you can help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.

— *Henry Drummond.*

THIS world is only a place of pilgrimage, but
after all there is a good deal of cheer on the journey, if it is made with a contented heart.

— *Henry Van Dyke.*

THE Lord said two things to Abraham: "I will
bless thee," and "Be thou a blessing." When God makes us glad the gladness is not to end with ourselves — we are to pass it on.

— *J. R. Miller.*

COURAGE and cheerfulness will not only take you over hard places of life, but will enable you to bring comfort and help to the weak-hearted, and will console you in the sad hours when, like Uncle Toby, you have “to whistle that you may not weep.”

— *Dr. Osler.*

THERE are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists ; sometimes, people of melancholy temperament ; sometimes they are called disagreeable people ; but, wherever they go, their characteristic is this : their shadow always travels on before them. . . . These people never bear their own burdens, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.

— *Newell Dwight Hillis.*

BEAR in mind that your happiness or your misery is very much of your own making. You cannot create spiritual sunlight any more than you can create the morning star; but you can put your soul where Christ is shining. Keep a clean conscience. Keep a good stock of God's promises within reach. Keep a nightingale of hope in your soul that can sing away the dark hours when they do come.

—*T. L. Cuyler.*

HOW fond we are of thinking about what we have not, instead of about what we have! It has been well said that "some people's cast-off happiness, like their cast-off clothes, would make some other people very happy." The cheeriest lives are not those that have the most, but those that appreciate the most. Every one of us has a goldmine of unworked joy close at hand. But gold needs searching for — are you finding yours?

—*Western Christian Advocate.*

KEEP yourself sunny and the Lord will take care of your saintliness.

—*Woman's Magazine.*

“SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL ”

The motto of an English bishop in the seventeenth century.

“**S**ERVE God and be cheerful.” The motto
Shall be mine, as the bishop’s of old ;
On my soul’s coat-of-arms I will write it
In letters of azure and gold.

* * * * *

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Religion
Looks all the more lovely in *white* ;
And God is best served by His servant
When, smiling, he serves in the light,

And lives out the glad tidings of Jesus
In the sunshine He came to impart,
For the fruit of His word and His spirit
“Is love, joy, and peace ” in the heart.

“Serve God and be cheerful.” Live nobly,
Do right and do good. Make the best
Of the gifts and the work put before you,
And to God without fear leave the rest.

— *William Newell.*

HE who cheers others need not fear for himself.

WHY do we not always smile when we meet a fellow-being? That is the true recognition which ought to pass from soul to soul. Little children do this involuntarily. The honest-hearted German peasant does it. It is the magical sunlight all through that simple land, the perpetual greeting on the right hand or the left between strangers as they pass each other, never without a smile. This then is the "fine art of smiling," like all fine art, true art, perfection of art, the simplest following of nature.

— *Helen Hunt Jackson.*

"IT'S not so much what you have as what you are that makes your heaven." The bright cheery soul who lives the life of trust only sees the sunny side of everything; she has learned to endure cheerfully and wear a bright face when everything looks dark.

— *Anon.*

THERE is no greater perversion of Christian truth than to maintain that the Saviour taught that to make one's self miserable is the means of attaining future blessedness.

— *J. L. Spaulding.*

WHATEVER adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One who plants a flower in a bare place where only bleakness was before is a benefactor. One who says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one, or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance, or comfort to another, does something worth while. We never know how small a thing may become a benediction to a human life.

Only a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by pen or tongue be taught ;
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold.

It was worth while for David to write the Twenty-third Psalm to go singing everywhere to the end of time. It was worth while for Mary to break the alabaster vase, pouring the nard on the head and feet of the Master ; all the world is sweeter ever since from the perfume of her ointment. Every singer who has sung a pure, joyous song has given something to earth to make it better. Every artist who has painted a worthy and noble picture, or made the smallest thing of beauty which will stay in the world, has added something to the enriching

of our human life. Every lowly Christian who has lived a true, courageous life amid temptation and trial has made it a little easier for others to live right. Every one who has let fall into the stream of this world's life wholesome words, good words, divine lessons, has put into the current of humanity a handful of spices to sweeten a little the bitter waters. It is always worth while to live nobly, victoriously, struggling to do right, showing the world even the smallest fragments of divine beauty.

— *J. R. Miller.*

SHE was a gracious old lady, whose calm, kindly face, even at threescore, was rarely, or never darkened by a frown.

“There’s sure to be a good many cloudy days mixed up with the sunshiny ones in this world,” she said once to a visitor. “I’ve known what it was to be under the clouds myself, now and again” — the serene old face grew thoughtful, but not sad — “but I’ve always tried to remember that the sun was shining somewhere behind the clouds, though I couldn’t see it. And then there are the blessings by the way.”

The visitor looked into the faded blue eyes, a

bit dimmed with age, but untroubled. So that was the secret, was it? Just living in the sunshine, even when the sun was not shining, by keeping up a firm faith that the sun was there all the while. And this — “blessings by the way.” The visitor repeated the words with the slightest questioning inflection. “I think I understand what you mean — indeed, I’m sure I do, but —”

“It is a help sometimes to have another body just say over what’s plain as daylight to you,” assented Mrs. Lindley, smiling. “It seems plainer after that, or, may be, plain in another way. I’ve fallen into the habit of calling the little things that bring us comfort or pleasure, and that we often don’t think much about, wayside blessings. They’re like the pretty, sweet-smelling flowers that help us forget the rough road; or shade trees and a cool, bubbling spring, when we’re hot and thirsty. It’s wonderful how many of them there are when one gets into the way of looking for them.”

— *Charles T. White.*

DO not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak

approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them; the kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way. — *Anon.*

LOVING words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver, for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles ?
What to earth are sun and rain ?
Never was a kind word wasted ;
Never was one said in vain. — *Anon.*

SMILES are contagious, so are tears.
— *Horace.*

TO the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.
— *M. A. Kidder.*

NAY, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet !
Count equal, loss and gain.
Because as long as this world lasts
Green leaves *will* come again.

For sure as earth lies under snows,
And love lies under pain,
'Tis good to sing with everything,
When green leaves come again.
— *D. M. Mulock.*

THE earth is rolling sunward,
And light shall come at last.
— *F. Campana.*

THE power to scatter sunshine, and to radiate gladness and good cheer, every one should cultivate. Force yourself, if necessary, to form a habit of seeing the best in people, of finding out their good qualities, and of dwelling upon them and enlarging them. Do not see the distorted, crooked, cramped, burlesque man, but the man that God made. Ruskin says, "Do not think of your faults ; still less of others' faults." In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong. Honor that ; rejoice in it ; and as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when the time comes.

— *Success.*

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around to-day ;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow ;

God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

— *Mary Frances Butts.*

“**Y**OU can find your niche in the world when
your heart is warm, and your face light
with good cheer.”

DO any hearts beat faster,
Do any faces brighten
To hear your footstep on the stair?

— *Wellspring.*

“**L**ITTLE by little the time goes by —
Short if you sing it ; long if you sigh.”

OH, the rain and the sun, and the sun and the
rain !

When the tempest is done, then the sunshine
again ;

And in rapture we'll ride through the stormiest
gales,

For God's hand's on the helm, and his breath in
the sails.

Then murmur no more,
In lull or in roar,
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.
— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

FOR what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them
friends?

For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
— *Alfred Tennyson.*

CONSIDER this, your goodness is of no use if
you are not good to others. The good of
goodness is that you can wrap others inside it. It
ought to be like a big cloak that you have on a
cold night, while the shivering person next to you
has none. If you don't make use of your good-
ness, what is the good of it? — *Mrs. Clifford.*

THE test of your Christian character should be
that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.
— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE man who cannot be strong, cheerful, creative, in his own age, would find all other ages inhospitable and barren.

— *Hamilton W. Mabie.*

WHAT is property after all? The law says there are two kinds, real and personal. But it seems to me that the only real property is that which is truly personal, that which we take into our inner life and make our own forever, by understanding and admiration, and sympathy and love. This is the only kind of possession that is worth anything.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

NO one can give what is not possessed in one's self, and these greater gifts of courage, hope, love, and goodness cost the giver more than money, for it is infinitely harder to *be* than to *do*.

— *Anon.*

WOULD you make some saddened heart
Just a little lighter?

Would you make some burdened life

Just a little brighter?

Drop a word of hope and cheer,
Set the echoes ringing
With your notes of love and joy,
As you go a-singing.

— *E. A. Brininstool.*

“ I JES’ do the best I ken where the good Lord
put me at, an’ it looks like I got a happy
feelin’ in me ’most all the time.”

— *Mrs. Wiggs* in *Lovey Mary*.

THE effort to be always cheerful, kind, considerate, and gentle, no matter what wars may be rankling in the heart, has a great influence in transforming the life.

I know a lady who has made it a habit of her life to radiate sunshine everywhere she goes. She says that a smile costs nothing. The result is that everybody who waits upon her or does anything for her feels it a real favor to serve her, because he is always sure of getting this indescribably sweet smile and expression in return.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, encouragement instead of discouragement, and to

feel conscious that even the newsboy or the boot-black, the car conductor, the office boy, the elevator boy, or anybody else with whom one comes in contact, gets a little dash of sunshine. It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to a conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good-will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so-called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely. The more you give, the richer you will grow.

— *Orison Swett Marden.*

SCATTER SUNSHINE

PUT a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer and so do you —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task ;
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day ;
Others need the cheer that comes through you —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.
— *Juniata Stafford.*

CATCH the sunshine ! Don't be grieving
O'er that darksome billow there !
Life's a sea of stormy billows,
We must meet them everywhere.
Pass right through them ! Do not tarry.
Overcome the heaving tide.
There's a sparkling gleam of sunshine
Waiting on the other side. — *Anon.*

THE laughter of life is its sunshine, and this
would be a dull old world without some
happy natures to lighten the pathway of those that
plod away in sorrow.

HAVE you any cheery greeting?
Tell it out to-day ;
While you wait, the friend and message
May have gone away.
— *E. H. Shannon.*

LIFE, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say ;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all ;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh ! why lament its fall ?
— *Charlotte Brontë.*

I FIND earth not gray but rosy.
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop ? I pluck a posy,
Do I stand and stare ? All's blue.
— *Browning.*

GLADNESS be with thee, Helper of our world !

I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow : drops like seed
After the blossom, ultimate of all.
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun ?
Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there ;
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
More joy and most joy — do man good again.

— *Robert Browning.*

EVERY hardship, every joy, every temptation,
is a challenge of the spirit, that the human
soul may prove itself. The great chain of neces-
sity wherewith we are bound has divine significance,
and nothing happens which has not some service
to perform in working out the sublime destiny of
the human soul.

— *Ellis A. Ford.*

V

WOULD you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart!

— *Robert Browning.*

SINGING our songs as we go our way,
Do we know who may be leaning to hear?

— *Anna C. Brackett.*

THE IMMORTAL NOTE

I KNOW that love is never wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer ;
And the thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

KINDNESS is the music of good-will to men,
and on this harp, the smallest fingers may
play Heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

— *Elihu Burrett.*

IN the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty lies unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with Thy skilful hand ;
Let not the music that is in us die !
Great sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

IN sweet sympathy the heart sings its loving ministries to many a wounded spirit.

OH, to scatter blessings broadcast, to give without wish for return, to do good for the joy of it, to toss your good-will and heartiness right and left among men; to bring a smile to wan faces, hope into dull eyes, sunshine into dark corners, and so touch men's lives that they shall feel the passing of some benign influence, the presence of something divine — here are aims!

— *Stanton K. Davis.*

OH, help us that these faces of our own be peace and joy and strength and sunny summer days to our friends.

THE widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal increased as she distributed them; and a Christian's sunshine and happiness, faith and hope, will be invigorated and multiplied in proportion as he tries to make others hopeful, trustful, and happy.

— *John Cumming.*

'TIS a little thing
To give a cup of water ; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense ; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unrenowned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again ;
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
(More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored deathbed of the rich)
To him who else were lonely, and another
Of the great family is near and feels.

— *Talfourd.*

THERE is comfort in the strength of love ;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain or break the heart.
— *William Wordsworth.*

YOU must love in order to understand love.

One act of charity will teach us more of the love of God than a thousand sermons. One act of unselfishness, of real self-denial, will tell us more of the meaning of the Epiphany than whole volumes on theology. — *F. W. Robertson.*

TO the giver shall be given ;

If thou wouldst walk in light

Make other spirits bright ;

Who, seeking for himself alone, ever entered
heaven ?

In blessing we are blest,

In labor find out rest ;

If we bend not to the world's work, heart and
hand and brain,

We have lived our life in vain. — *C. Seymour.*

INASMUCH as ye have done it unto one of the
least of these my brethren, ye have done it
unto me. — *Matthew 25 : 40.*

THE only love worthy of the name ever and
always uplifts. — *George Macdonald.*

THE sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

HAPPINESS, like mercy, is twice blessed; it
blesses those who are most intimately asso-
ciated in it, and it blesses all those who see it, hear
it, feel it, touch it, or breathe the same atmosphere
— *Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

THEN hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river, roll
To deserts dry — to hearts that would rejoice
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak;

And He will bless you — He who struck those
chords

Will strike another when in turn you seek.

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THERE'S a world of capability

For joy spread round about us, meant for us,
Inviting us.

— *Robert Browning.*

LIFE is a schoolhouse. Its rooms may be bare,
but they are littered with opportunities of
becoming fit for our great inheritance.

— *F. B. Meyer.*

LET Joy come into your heart ;

She is waiting just outside
With the tenderest hands and sweetest smile
That would push the portals wide.

She is longing to enter in

And be of your life a part ;
Not a transient guest in your troubled breast,
But a dweller in your heart.

So she waits at the closed door,
And beside her sweet Peace stands ;
While radiant Hope from a sunny slope
Is reaching beckoning hands.

As they sing like the birds at dawn,
Each striving to drown Care's din,
Oh, listen, and hear their glad songs near
And hasten to let them in.

— *Silva Nichols.*

REJOICE, dear heart ! Take in the larger
view,

And know the larger life. . . .

If thou but hold the Light, thy heart remaineth
Glad. And patience, like an angel, lifts
Thee on her wings, and carries thee above
All clouds of anguished grieving.

— *Helen Van Anderson.*

THERE is never a day so dreary
But God can make it bright,
And unto the soul that trusts Him
He giveth songs in the night ;
There is never a path so hidden

But God will show the way,
If we seek the Spirit's guidance
And patiently watch and pray.

— *Lilla M. Alexander.*

A TRUSTFUL, happy heart makes a radiant
face, and such a face carries a blessing wher-
ever it goes.

— *The Girls' Companion.*

I LOOKED beyond the world for truth and
beauty,
Sought, found, and did my duty.

— *Robert Browning.*

SOW love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And reap a harvest-home of light.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

THE secret of life — it is giving ;
To minister and to serve ;
Love's law binds the man to the angel,
And ruin befalls if we swerve.

There are breadths of celestial horizon
Overhanging the commonest way ;
The clod and the star share the glory,
And to breathe is an ecstasy.

— *Lucy Larcom.*

LIFE is the mirror of king and slave ;
'Tis just what we are and do ;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

— *Madeline S. Bridges.*

MAY every life that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact, get therefrom some
good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage for
the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith to brave the thickening ills of
life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gather-
ing mists
To make this life worth living, and heaven a surer
heritage.

— *Anon.*

IT is said that if a piano is struck in the same room where another piano stands unopened and untouched, if one will place his ear quite near to the case of the closed piano, he will hear a string within sound the same note as the one given forth by the first one. You may call it sympathetic, or a shadowy hand operating within — it matters little. You may expatiate upon the law of vibrations, and yet you cannot quite understand the beautiful mystery. Even so inexplicable is the sympathy of human souls. We see it, we feel it, we love, and there we must leave it, leave it as an inspiration that makes the whole world kin — leave it as humanity's thank-offering to God.

— *Matthias S. Kaufman.*

NO sunrise, mountain-top, or June of blossom is so beautiful and so inspiring by its beauty as human faces at their best. A smile is the subtlest form of beauty in all the visible creation, and heaven breaks on the earth in the smiles of friendly faces.

— *Wm. C. Gannett.*

WEAR a face in harmony with the springtime.

Match the sunshine with your smiles. Help the birds in filling the earth with music. Feel yourself a part of this busy, happy, awakening world, and show it by your looks and acts.

— *Anon.*

THE unselfish are always young. The body may fade, but “the heart never grows old.” Nothing brings age like the fear of growing old, of being no longer recognized as of use in the world. Human lives yield their increase in the autumn time. Then are the sheaves garnered. If the springtime and summer have been well spent, the fruitage will be welcome and beautiful, and time will have touched with greater loveliness than that of youth the man or woman who has kept a young heart through all the vicissitudes and sorrows of years.

— *Mary J. Keyes.*

EVERY right action and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on the person and the face.

— *John Ruskin.*

I KNOW not what the future holds
Of pain, and care, and grief, and strife;
I know not when white peace unfolds
Her guarded tents unto our life.
I know that if we tread the way
Truth leads, 'twill hold more gold than gray.

I know full oft we strive to cross
The heights, whose glints o'ertop the sun.
And if we fail, we moan of loss,
And miss the things we might have won,
When they did hold a better way,
A purer gold, for all their gray.

Ah, yes! I know, howe'er 'tis wrought,
That life will be a sweeter song
For every gift of loving thought,
And though the way be short, or long,
That one true love will come to stay,
And prove that life's more gold than gray.

— *Amy Nickerson.*

OH, what is there to frown or smile at?
What is left for us, save, in growth
Of soul, to rise up, far past both,
From the gift looking to the giver,

And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity?
— *Robert Browning.*

MAKE all good men your well-wishers, and
then, in the years' steady sifting,
Some of them turn into friends. Friends are the
sunshine of life. — *John Hay.*

A RIFT in the lute sometimes !
A discord in the song !
Yet our faith in the friends that are true
In the heart may linger long.

As from the dark shadows of evening
Creeps the dawn of a day that is new,
As the dews which refresh and restore us,
Is the faith of the friend that is true.
— *Theresa Wood.*

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from
fears.

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed with tears.
— *Sir Walter Scott.*

THE soul is an instrument of a thousand strings;
the players who touch the strings are many;
there is but one listener, the soul itself.
— *Anon.*

YOU spoke one day a cheering word,
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm sometime—somewhere.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while,
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown sometime—somewhere.
— *The Classmate.*

HEART-CHEER —

Like the roses sweet, it will grow and grow
As fast as you give it away.

— *Antoinette Smith.*

GREAT gift of heaven, too little understood,
The happiness that comes from doing good.

JUST to be good, to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability,— that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

— *Edward Howard Griggs.*

EPIGRAMS are worth little for guidance to the perplexed, and less for comfort to the wounded. But the plain, homely sayings which come from a soul that has learned the lesson of patient courage in the school of real experience, falls upon the wound like drops of balsam, and like a soothing lotion upon the eyes smarting and blinded with passion.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

SYMPATHY is the golden key that unlocks the heart of others. — *Samuel Smiles.*

SELFISHNESS cannot forgive. Love cannot help forgiving. Love defines our neighbor as the man whom we can help, and measures our duty to him by what we would wish for ourselves.

— *William DeWitt Hyde.*

WE can only have the highest happiness by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.

— *George Eliot.*

BUT who shall estimate the value of the tender pity, the loving interest, the kindly deed, the helpful encouragement, and cheering word? Is not each of us daily uplifted and inspired by just such blessed trifles?

— *L. L. T.*

BE kind! be kind! each soul some burden hath,
Some shadows lie on every human path;
Make blest to age its precious aftermath.

Be kind ! be kind ! who knows another's need ?
The lips may smile when oft the heart doth bleed.
The sad thoughts smiles may hide, thou canst not
read.

Be kind ! be kind ! the days are speeding fast :
The time for kindly deeds will soon be past.
Speak only words thou wilt should be thy last.
— *Luella Clark.*

WHEN darkness gathers round my path,
And all the song-birds cease to sing,
I know it is not sent in wrath, —
'Tis but the shadow of Thy wing.
When dancing sunbeams round me shine,
And joy and peacefulness embrace,
I know the radiance is not mine, —
'Tis but the brightness of Thy face.

TAKE courage to entrust your love
To Him so named, who guards above
Its ends and shall fulfil !
Breaking the narrow prayers that may
Befit your narrow hearts, away
In His broad loving will.
— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

THE year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
The morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world !

— *Robert Browning.*

WE are not happy enough Christians. There is in us too much discontent, too much complaining, too much fretting and anxiety. We become discouraged too easily. We are overcome too readily and do not live victoriously. The great truth which the Incarnation teaches us is that God is with us, living with us, dwelling in us. If this be true, whatever the experiences of our lives may be, we should meet them with joy. A song in the heart makes all hard things easier, all heavy burdens lighter, all bitter sorrows less bitter. If we would but sing at our work, we should not grow weary.

“ For the heart that sings,
Hours fly on swift wings

Of mystical rune and rhythm,
And carry the tunes
Of a year of Junes,
And the heart of the toiler with them."

— *J. R. Miller.*

OF the future borrow,
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on the midnight sky of rain
Paint the Golden Morrow. — *Anon.*

THE woman singing at her spinning wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad, or barcarolle ;
She thinking of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of the flax ; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church — that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,
Thus swift and steadfast ; thus intent and strong
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

CHEERFULNESS will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render even deformity itself agreeable.

— *Addison.*

SHE was black and she was poor. She had to work every day for a living, but as she worked she sang, and this was the refrain of her song: "Thanksgiving an' the voice of melody."

"What makes you so happy?" people asked her, as they heard her sing.

"'Pears like the Lord is so good to me I can't thank him enough," she would say, and then she would go on singing, "Thanksgiving an' the voice of melody," till everybody at last called her "Thanksgiving Ann."

It seems sometimes as if we had lost the art of being happy, as children in crowded city streets are said to forget how to play.

Every day is Thanksgiving Day to the birds and animals, and why should it not be to us? One thing will help us to be happy, and that is the same thing that made the old colored woman sing at her work — it is to remember God's goodness.

If we feel poor, we have only to remember that

our Father is rich ; if we feel lonely, we have only to remember that Jesus has promised to be with us to the end of the world ; if we feel afraid, we know that our Father says, “ Fear not, for I am with thee.”

— *The Classmate.*

LIVE in the sunshine ; God meant it for you !
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

SUNSHINE'S everywhere, and summer too.

— *Robert Browning.*

IF you'll sing a song as you plod along,
You'll find that the busy rushing throng
Will catch the strain of the glad refrain ;
That the sun will follow the blinding rain ;
That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky ;
That the stars will come out by and by ;
And you'll make new friends, till hope descends
From where the placid rainbow bends ;
And all because of a little song —
If you'll sing the song as you plod along !

— *Exchange.*

CHEER up! There are sunny days in store for you, even if you are in the midst of clouds now. The sun is always in its place, but the clouds appear and disappear. Let the sun of faith shine on your troubles, and see how quickly they will melt away.

— *Anon.*

TO be joyous in my work, moderate in my pleasures, chary in my confidences, faithful in my friendships; to be energetic but not excitable, enthusiastic but not fanatical; loyal to the truth as I see it, but ever open-minded to the newer light; to discourage shams, and rejoice in all that is beautiful and true; to do my work and live my life so that neither shall require defence or apology, to honor no one simply because rich or famous, and despise no one because humble or poor; to be gentle and considerate toward the weak, respectful yet self-respecting toward the great, courteous to all, obsequious to none; to seek wisdom from great books and inspiration from good men; to invigorate my mind with noble thoughts as I do my body with sunshine and fresh air; to prize all sweet human friendships and seek to make at least one home happy;

to have charity for the erring, sympathy for the sorrowing, cheer for the despondent ; to be indifferent to none, helpful to some, friendly with all ; to leave the world a little better off because of me ; and to leave it, when I must, bravely and cheerfully, with faith in God and good-will to all my fellow-men ; this shall be my endeavor during the coming year.

— *J. H. Tewksbury.*

VI

THE key was Love; pure gold, acrust
With glittering gems of faith and trust.
It fits all doors, it turns all locks,
It leads the way thro' walls and rocks,
It lifts the bolt, unbars the gate,
And shows us where life's treasures wait.
— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE KEYNOTE

WHOEVER sings his song aright,
Must catch the keynote first,
Then will the perfect strain ascend,
And into rapture burst.

And in the scale of every life
This note runs through and through —
No tones can make a perfect chord
Unless the key be true.

Each soul must set its song of life,
In octave low or high,
And he whose strain is truly keyed
Shall hear it in the sky.

— *M. C. Oliver.*

THAT song is sweetest, bravest, best,
Which plucks the thistle-barb of care
From a despondent brother's breast,
And plants a sprig of heart's ease there.
— *Andrew Downing.*

THERE is no anodyne for heart sorrow like
ministry to others.

— *F. B. Meyer.*

HOW can I make life yield its fullest and best?
In a single word, it is *service*, — not self but
the other self.

— *Ralph Waldo Trine.*

IF thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Back in thy brother's skies.
If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

— *Anna E. Hamilton.*

SCARS on the face become marks of beauty
when the heart is kind.

— *Creswell MacLaughlin.*

HEART beauty writes itself at length on the
external life in deed, disposition, and character.

It is the inner life that makes our world. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness, and lovingness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy, and suspicion on every path. If we go out among people in a combative spirit, we find combativeness in those we meet. But if we go forth in a charitable frame of mind, with good-will in our hearts toward all, we find brotherliness and cordiality in every man we come up to in our walks and associations.

“ In ourselves the sunshine dwells ;
In ourselves the music swells ;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds what pleasure it can make ;
Everywhere the light and shade
By the Gazer’s eye is made.”

This is the secret of that fine art which some people possess of always finding good and beauty in others. They have goodness and beauty in themselves. There are such people, and there is no reason why we all should not set this ideal for our lives.

— *J. R. Miller.*

WHEN we climb to heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

— *Alice Cary.*

JOIN the great company of those who make
the barren places of life fruitful with kindness.
Carry a vision of heaven in your souls, and you
shall make your home, your college, the world, cor-
respond to that vision. Your success and happi-
ness lie in you. External conditions are the
accidents of life, its outer trappings. The great,
enduring realities are love of service. Joy is the
holy fire that keeps our purpose warm and our in-
telligence aglow. Resolve to keep happy, and your
joy and you shall form an invincible host against
difficulty.

— *Helen Keller.*

UNSELFISH is the best fashion there ever
can be; it's the fashion of the kingdom of
heaven.

— *Ruth Cady.*

“GREAT hearts are those whose presence is
sunshine. Their coming changes our cli-
mate. They oil the bearings of life. They make

right living easy. Blessed are the happiness-makers! They represent the best forces of civilization.

— *Newell Dwight Hillis.*

FACE your deficiencies and acknowledge them, but do not let them master you. Let them teach you patience, sweetness, insight. When we do the best we can, we never know what miracle is wrought in our own life, or in the life of another.

— *Helen Keller.*

O STRONGHEART! not in vain you bore
the strife!

We who have known all, are braver for your life.

— *James H. West.*

LEAD life of love: that others who
Behold your life may kindle too
With love, and cast their lot with you.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

SHE is constantly giving up her life for Christ's sake, and as often finds it coming back to her in some richer, sweeter form. — *E. P. Roe.*

YOUNG men and women, the sermon of the hour for you is in the words, "She hath done what she could." Let it preach to you of the work you have to do in these high and rare years of youth that are so rapidly gliding by. Do what you can toward bringing out the noblest possibilities of your nature. Do what you can to think high thoughts, to love true things, and to do noble deeds. Temptations beset you like those that have filled hearts as light as yours with inexpressible sorrow. Are you doing what you can to make yourself strong to resist them? Before you hang the gilded trinkets of fashion, the embroidered banners of selfish lives. Do what you can to live for higher aims than these. Your lives are growing riper, your heads are growing wiser. Are you doing what you can to balance this with growth of heart, making the affections as much richer and warmer; the conscience, God's best gift to man, brighter and more commanding? Are you doing what you can to follow your truest and do your best?

— *Rev. J. Ll. Jones.*

CHRIST'S time was largely taken up in making other people happy.

— *Henry Drummond.*

PASS IT ON

HAVE you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on.

'Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

Hast thou found some precious treasure,
Pass it on.

Hast thou some peculiar pleasure,
Pass it on.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
Loving is the truest living,
Letting go is twice possessing,
Would'st thou double every blessing,
Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light ?

Pass it on.

Souls are groping in the night,

Daylight gone.

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in some one's sky,

He may live who else would die,

Pass it on.

— *Henry Burton.*

A LOVABLE Christian is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity on the one hand, and stern or uncharitable moroseness on the other. He is sound and yet sweet! He is all the sweeter for living much in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. He never incurs suspicion or contempt by compromising with sinful prejudices, nor does he repel people by doing a righteous act in a churlish or bigoted fashion. The blessed Jesus is our model here as in everything else.

— *New York Observer.*

HAVE a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

— *Dickens.*

WE view the world with our own eyes, each of us, and we make from within us the world which we see.
— *Thackeray*.

THE very essence of truth is plainness and brightness, the darkness and crookedness are our own.
— *Milton*.

I'LL drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

I WOULD recommend weary folks to *take singing-lessons*. Learn to sing!

God has promised daily strength for daily need, but never that the strength furnished for any given moment should suffice for troubles carried over from the past or borrowed from the future. The divine Teacher said truly: "The morrow shall take thought for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

And, after all, the troubles you anticipate may never really befall. 'Tis a long lane without a turning. The dreariest day has some glints of light. How do you know that some spell of good fortune may not be about to befall you? In any

case, worrying will not mend the matter. It can alter neither the future nor the past, though it will materially affect your power for bearing it. It will not rob to-morrow of its difficulties, but it will rob your brain of its clear-sightedness and your heart of its courage.

Turn from it to God with faith and prayer; and look out for the one or two patches of blue which are in every sky. And if you cannot discover any where you are, dare to anticipate the time when God will wipe away all tears, and give you a kiss like that which a mother gives to a tired, sobbing child, who is too weary to get off to sleep.

— *F. B. Meyer.*

JOY lies in mere constant living in Christ's presence, with all that this implies of peace, of shelter, and of love.

— *Henry Drummond.*

GOD gives each man one life, like a lamp, then
gives

That lamp due measure of oil; lamp lighted, hold
high, wave wide

Its comfort for others to share.

— *Robert Browning.*

THE golden rule of Christ will bring the golden age to man.

— *Frances Willard.*

MINE be the lot to comfort and delight,
And if some awful chasms I needs must leap,
Let me not murmur at my lot, but sweep
On bravely to the end without one fear,
Knowing that He who planned my ways stands
near.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

NOT even Hope can always soar and sing ;
Sometimes she needs must rest a willing wing,
And wait in midst of her glad carolling.

Faint not, dear heart, though she rest over night—
Her wings are swifter than the wings of light ;
They're gaining strength for more enduring flight.

Fret not because her voice is sometimes still ;
It may be catching some new lilt or thrill ;
She'll sing again, all of her own sweet will.

Perhaps when worn with pain, in darkened room,
Denied the light, the beauty, and the bloom,
You'll see a little rift within the gloom ;

Then hear a stir, as of unfolding wings ;
And low, sweet notes, as one who tries the strings
In tender prelude just before he sings.

And wakened Hope, grown vigorous and strong,
Will then surprise the silence with a song —
Keep a brave heart, Hope never slumbers long.
— *Anna F. Granniss.*

THE good we hoped to gain has failed us — well,
We do not see the ending — and the boon
May wait us down the ages — who can tell?
And bless us amply soon.

In God's eternal plan, a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the germs of what we hope or fear,
To blossom far away.

And rayless days must come, and nights of mist,
And, after brooding sunshine, dreary showers ;
Chill dews delay the buds the south wind kissed,
And, late, bloom fairer flowers.

We pray for growth and strength; grief's dreaded
showers

May be in God's wise purpose ripening rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain.

To trusting souls must truest good increase;
Loss here shall be uncounted treasures there;
So we attain to perfectness of peace,
What matter how or where?

— *Luella Clark.*

THE sunny side of the hill is the time to lift a bit at the wheel of some traveller who has missed it on the way up, and has stopped in the middle of a sharp pitch, tired out and sorrowing at his lot. You can help him a little and still reach the summit ere the sun begins to slant toward the west. When the gray hairs come, it will be pleasant to think back to the kindly deeds you have done for—whom? For the friend in need? Yes, and for the Master too.

Again, the sunny side of life is the time to learn the secret of the shining key to the place of the shut door. Do not let it ever get rusty. Be the only locksmith that knows the combination to

the prayer closet of your heart. A shining key to the place of prayer is the surest badge of the true Christian.

Once more, you will be happy by and by if you will take the time to learn to know a privilege when you see it. Far too often when we meet privilege on the way of life, we do not recognize it. We say: "Excuse me. I believe you are a duty—a hard, irksome duty. Stand out of the way. I am looking for privilege, not duty." And all the time we are face to face with privilege and did not know it. Surely, the morning of life is the very best time to journey the way of the cross. Then all the rest of the way will be made brighter by the light that streams from it.

— *Kind Words.*

THERE are nettles everywhere,

But the smooth green grasses are more common still;

The blue in heaven is larger than the cloud.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

IF we cannot strew life's path with flowers, we can, at least, strew it with smiles.

— *Charles Dickens.*

A FRIEND of mine told me of a visit he had paid to a poor woman, overwhelmed with trouble in her little room; but she always seemed cheerful. She knew the Rock. "Why," said he, "Mary, you must have very dark days; they must overcome you with clouds sometimes." "Yes," she said, "but then I often find there's comfort in a cloud." "Comfort in a cloud, Mary?" "Yes," she said; "when I am very low and dark, I go to the window, and if I see a heavy cloud, I think of those precious words, 'a cloud received Him out of their sight'; and I look up and see the cloud, sure enough, and then I think—well, that may be the cloud that hides Him, and so you see there is comfort in a cloud."

— *Treasury of Religious Thought.*

OUT of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere!

— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

FEAREST sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
Tho' the clouds around thee gather
Doubt Him not!

Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken;
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

— *K. R. Kavenbach.*

O FAIR To-morrow, what our souls have missed
Art thou not keeping for us, somewhere still?
The buds of promise that have never blown —
The tender lips that we have never kissed —
The song whose high, sweet strain eludes our skill,
The one pearl that life hath never known.

— *Julia C. R. Dorr.*

JUST SMILE AND THEN FORGET

O H, do not be discouraged, little heart,
This world is not a wilderness of woe;
And if sometimes its brambles catch and tear,
Don't let the little scratches vex you so.

For all the little worries that befall,
The small vexations that so grieve and fret,
To-morrow they will vanish into air;
Then smile, dear heart, just smile, and then forget.

And if to-day the skies are overcast,
Somewhere, we know, the sun is shining still;
Its silver radiance brims the lowering clouds,
And we may catch its glory if we will.

And when our feet are weary, and the road
More toilsome seems with every passing day,
To share our every burden, little heart,
The Helper walks beside us all the way.

— *Elizabeth Clarke Hardy.*

TO TRUST

IT'S easy to trust when the skies are blue,
When everything goes as you wish it to;
It's easy to trust when no hope's denied,
When every desire is as quick supplied;
When your joy each day grows more and more,
Till the heart somehow is a-spilling o'er!
You just can't help it; it seems you must,
Wherever you are, in the Father trust!

But it's hard to trust when the skies are gray,
When nothing seemingly goes your way;
It's hard to feel that it's "for the best,"
When suffering comes to the dear home nest;

When one by one your joys depart,
Leaving a desolate, widowed heart.
But you just can't help it; it's *now* you *must*
In the Father's love believe and trust !

— *Adelbert F. Caldwell.*

ON the bare side of yonder hill
See the dark shadow resting still;
Its cause, the small cloud bright as light,
In the clear blue above the height.

'Tis thus with sorrow, cheerless here,
A shadow on some spot most dear;
Yet thrown from His brightness high above,
Reflected from God's smile of love !

— *George Bancroft Griffith.*

IT is a comely fashion to be glad —
Joy is the grace we say to God.

— *Jean Ingelow.*

WHAT matters it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee,
Have we not each a soul?

Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him gayly swings ;
He carols though the slender branches fail —
He knows that he has wings.

— *Victor Hugo.*

“**T**HY will be done” is the sum of all true worship and right prayer. The rest is aside from the divine purpose, and could it be realized would make the world a chaos or a desert. We would not love the flowers if it were always spring, and our pleasures would pall, did not pain and loss come to teach us their worth.

— *J. S. Spaulding.*

VII

THE dear Lord comfort you.

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

IF I could speak as heart to heart in sorrow,
The sympathy and love I cannot pen,
If I should wish God's comfort on the morrow
'Twould not relieve your heart, but then
I'm sure you'd know.

— *W. K. G.*

LOOK UP

ALTHOUGH the light is out, darkness around us;
The sun gone down, the night succeeding day;
Although the summer fades and sombre sadness
Fills us with sorrow and dismay,
We know God lives.
And when He comes to us and, gently bending,
Kisses to sleep, as father would his son,
The lad we love beyond our own life's ending.
How can our aching hearts be won
To think it well?

'Tis hard to know, and seems beyond the mending;
But then the comfort of the hope beyond
Can make the pathway worthy the ascending.
Till we can listen and respond,
And reach his hand.

Dear heart, look up, the evening stars are shining,
God is the same at night as in the day;
And by and by we'll know the silver lining,
And walk in His eternal way.
We know God lives. — *Will K. Graff.*

ART sad, My child? Was it thy fond belief
The sun of joy for thee would never set?
Remember, I have trod the way of grief
And consecrated sorrow. Patience yet;
Patience, if need be, through heart-breaking years
The burden of thine anguish to sustain,
And thou shalt win the blessing of thy tears,
And the high gladness born of vanquished pain;
It is thy comfort that thy woe shall be
Some kin to that I bore on Calvary.

— *L. M. Montgomery.*

AH, how His patience shames our discontent!
How foolish all our fretfulness appears!
Did He not love us all these many years,
And yet His days in quiet toil were spent.
He knew the cause whereunto He was sent;
His world stood waiting, there were anguished tears
For Him to wipe; the dead upon their biers
To be awakened, and men called to repent,
And little children to be blessed, the hill
Of Calvary to climb; yet, day by day
Unrecognized, He calmly worked until
The time was come. O blessed Lord! we pray
That by Thy life we may take patience still,
And in Thy path may follow patiently.

— *Anon.*

THE gates of life swing either way
On noiseless hinges night and day.
One enters through the open door,
One leaves us to return no more.
And which is happier, which more blest,—
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes.
And reach out longing hands with tears
To him who in his ripened years
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest ;
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates ; we need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who from our sight,
Passed through them to the realms of light.
Both in His loving care we rest :
God knoweth best.

— *Mary Wheaton Lyon.*

BEYOND life's toils and cares,
Its hopes and joys, its weariness and sorrow,
Its sleepless nights, its days of smiles and tears,
Will be a long, sweet life, unmarked by years —
One bright, unending morrow.

ONE of these days they will all be over
Sorrow and laughter, loss and gain,
Meetings and partings of friend and lover,
Joy that was often tinged with pain.

* * * * *

One of these days shall the heartache leave us,
One of these days will the burden drop ;
Never again shall a hope deceive us,
Never again shall our progress stop.

* * * * *

One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes now ;
One of these days in the Lord's good season,
Light of His peace shall adorn the brow.

Evermore blest out of tribulation,
Lifted to dwell in His sun-bright smile,
Happy to share in the great salvation,
Can we not patiently tarry awhile ?

— *Margaret Sangster.*

GOD KNOWS BEST

ONE sad day, when the sun's gold crown,
Jewelled the desolate, dreamy west,
I came with a burden and laid it down
Under the lilies and leaves to rest ;

And, weeping, I left it and went my way,
With the twilight whispering: "God knows
best!"

One sweet day—it was long ago,
And thorny the paths my feet have pressed
Since, with tears and kisses, I laid it low—
Soul of my soul and life of my breast!
But kneeling now in the dark to pray,
There comes with a song from the sunless west
The same sweet voice that I heard that day—
The twilight whispering: "God knows best!"
—*Frank L. Stanton.*

CAN we not clasp the Father's hand and be at
rest

Because He knoweth best?
Can we not trust, until He opens wide the gate,
His love is great?
For He who holds the key
To life's dark mystery
Some day will lift from eyes the seal,
And to the trusting soul reveal
The way o'er which He led His child
To pastures green, through deserts wild.

—*May Louise Tibbets.*

*T*HERE are compensations: and no outward changes of condition in life can keep the nightingale of its eternal meaning from singing in all sorts of different men's hearts.

— *William James.*

*L*EARN to wait Hope's slow fruition,
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition —
Hearts, through suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

— *Anon.*

*A*DVERSITY is like the period of the former and of the latter rain, — cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit.

— *Sir Walter Scott.*

*A*ND not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light.
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

— *Arthur Hugh Clough.*

THROUGH light and dark, through rain and shine, the carrier-pigeon holds its course straight homeward. So life's true aim may be won whatever of failure checks our business, or whatever of sorrow mars our happiness. Even the last enemy, death, may not stay our course.

— *R. F. Johnson*.

TELL me what is sorrow? It is a gloomy cage.
And what is joy? It is a little bird,
Whose song therein is heard.

— *Stoddard*.

IS it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.

Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.

The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind it shines the blue.

— *Mary Frances Butts*.

I DO not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly through the mystery,
His hand above.

— *F. G. Browning*.

I THINK if thou *couldst* see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings dark to thee
Are shadows hiding light,
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear, and wise,
and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst *trust*, poor soul,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest.
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.
— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

THE heart that suffers, most may sing;
All beauty seems of sorrow born:
The gems of thought most highly prized
Are tears of sorrow crystallized.

THE gloom of night is dense and deep ;
Rough is the path as we grope along ;
Courage, Heart, as the shadows creep —

This is the matin-song :
After the night is noon ;
After the journey, rest ;
The world will waken in gladness soon,
And the heart that sings is blest !

The glare of the sun is hard and hot ;
The road is dusty, the way is long ;
Shift your burden, and heed it not, —
This is the even song :
After the noon is night ;
After the journey, rest ;
For the wind will wake and the stars be bright,
And the heart that sings is blest !

— *Grace Duffield Goodwin.*

IN God shall be my hope, my stay, my guide,
and lantern to my feet. — *Shakespeare.*

AFTER the fever of life ; after weariness, comes
rest, peace, joy ; our eternal portion, if we be
worthy. — *Cardinal Newman.*

. . . **E**YES that have wept
Must look a little way, — not far.
God broke the years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulders, and the future rife
With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
At just one place,
We could not go :
God lays a little on us every day.
And never, I believe on all the way
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burdens of the hour.

— *George Klinge.*

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon !
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Love, rest, and home !
Sweet hope !
Lord, tarry not, but come.
Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon ;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon !
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon !
Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon !
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever beating
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home !

— *Horatius Bonar.*

NEVER a cloud o'erhung the day
And flung its shadows down,
But on its heaven-side gleamed some ray,
Forming a sunshine crown.

It is dark only on the downward side :
Though rage the tempest loud,
And scatter its tenons far and wide
There's light *upon* the cloud.

— *M. J. Savage.*

SOME day, He will tell you why He has tried
you, and let you look back upon your life
story and see the golden thread of His fatherly love
and care shining over and around it all, not as it
is now, winding in and out, and only seen by
glimpses. — *Frances Ridley Havergal.*

WHAT I do thou knowest not now ; but thou
shalt know hereafter. — *John 13 : 7.*

EVERY day is a fresh beginning :
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight. — *Susan Coolidge.*

BE still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.
— *Henry W. Longfellow.*

COME out of the shadow of regret,
Live in the sunshine of content.

NOT half the storms that threatened me,
E'er broke upon my head ;
Not half the pains I've waited for,
E'er racked me on my bed ;
Not half the clouds that drifted by,
Have overshadowed me ;
Not half the dangers ever came
I fancied I could see.

Somehow thro' every leaden sky
Some rift hath shown the light ;
Somehow each valley with its gloom
Hath borne some flower bright ;
And thus thro' life some loving hand —
Some Friend I could not see —
Hath sent amidst the darkest hour
Some blessing unto me.

— *B. W. Burleigh.*

WE pray for growth and strength ; grief's
dreaded showers
May be in God's wide purpose ripening rain ;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain. *Anon.*

THE year is not all composed of summer days ;
it has its long expanses of winter cold and
gloom. — *George Macdonald.*

COUNT not loss the hopes that fall
Like leaves in autumn, one by one,
Nor dream the light is vanished all
As the dark, dreary night wears on.

You shall know at last that loss was gain,
That through your weary, toilsome way,
As you saw the stars in your life-star wave,
The night was leading to heavenly day.

— *Anon.*

SOONER than we sometimes think, the morn-
ing comes ;

Though far the stars and long the weary night,
Yet at the entrance of the east the darkness paler
grows —

A waiting hush is over all, the heart of Heaven
knows

The chariot of the Conqueror, his triumph train
of light,

A soft wind stirs, a bird awakes,

Over the sea the first light breaks —

The morning comes !

— *Anon.*

DOES the mist bewilder thee ?

Climbing make thee weary ?

Yet go forward braced by hope,

Confident and cheery.

To thy many guides is given

Power to lead thee up to heaven.

— *Marianne Farningham.*

WHAT thankful hearts have gleaned where
now I glean,

What patient feet have passed this way before.

— *Edward C. Lefroy.*

DEAR restless heart, be still; don't fret and
worry so;

God hath a thousand ways His love and help to
show.

Just trust, and trust, and trust, until His will you
know.

Dear restless heart, be still; for peace is God's
own smile;

His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile;
Just love, and love, and love, and calmly wait a
while.

Dear restless heart, be brave; don't moan and
sorrow so;

He hath a meaning kind in chilly winds that blow;
Just hope, and hope, and hope, until you braver
grow.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't struggle to be
free;

God's life is in your life, to Him you may not flee;

Just pray, and pray, and pray, till you have faith
to see. — *Edith Willis Linn.*

KEEP faith in the love that blesses men
As the sunshine does the sod.

Let us do our best and trust the rest
To the father heart of God.

— *Eben E. Rexford.*

“ALL the days!” Who does not know how day differs from day, even in a life of fairly even tenor? Who does not feel the differences of the day’s surfaces, and see the varieties of these colors? From the golden sunlight of a day of joy to the blackness of a day of woe, through all gradations the scale runs as we journey on. From the grass of the meadow to the miry clay of the marsh, to the hot dust of the level road, to the flints of the steep ascent, to the waters of the cold river, varies the surface. And the great Companion knows it all. And He breaks up the great promise of the Presence to adjust it to every detail of our need. “I with you am, all the days, and all day long, even unto the end.”

— *H. C. G. Moule.*

GOD smiles as He has always smiled ;
Ere suns and moon could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The heavens, God thought on me His child ;
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest.

— *Robert Browning.*

OUR resting and our waiting, and our plodding
on the way,
With the sunshine of the past casting darkness on
to-day,
With no caring for the future, while the heartache
holds us fast,
With no thought for any pleasure — ah ! 'tis well
these cannot last.

For the shadow always lifts, and the sunlight
glows again ;
There are sudden gleams of brightness, sweet, clear
shining after rain ;

* * * * *

Life must have its sometime sorrow, but the years
that drift along
Touch the minor chords but seldom ; there are
spaces blithe with song.

Sometimes we must face the shadows where the
wind blows keen and cold,
But the shadow fades the dawning, and the east is
flecked with gold.

— *Margaret Sangster.*

SOMETIMES I think that sorrows past
A brighter message leave behind
Than joys, which often shadows cast,
Though seeming fair and only kind.

For clearer after grief's sad rain
The sunset ray, and rainbow gleam,
And hope which bringeth cease of pain,
Than passing glint of joy's fleet beam.

The darkness bringeth quiet rest,
A sense of God's omnipotence,
As richest verdure groweth best
When dripping clouds obscure the sun.

Sometime, I think, we'll understand
That Love's own hand doth lead alway,
And though denying, His command
Brings strength and cheer for every day.

— *Irma T. Jones.*

THE Master Hand hath felt the tender need
Of waking all the silent chords to life.
O'er every quivering nerve sweet music steals
With all the harmonies of Heaven rife;
And sweeter grows the melody each year,
Untouched by joyless notes from out the past,
Pure happiness hath crowned the soul with love,
God's wondrous peace hath won the heart at
last. — *Gertrude Wheelock.*

LET us lay hold of Sorrow. Let us not be afraid
of it, for when grasped firmly, like the nettle,
it never stings. The life that has not known and
accepted sorrow is strangely crude and untaught.
It can neither help nor teach, for it has never
learned. The life that has spurned the lesson of
sorrow, or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard;
but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is
courageous, and full of holy and gentle love. With-
out sorrow life glares. It has no half-tones nor
merciful shadows. Disappointment, in life, is in-
evitable. Pain is the common lot of humanity.
Sharp sorrow, at one time or another, will come to
each of us, if indeed it has not already come. But
this same Sorrow is a gentle teacher and reveals

many things that would otherwise be hard to understand.
— *Anna Robertson Brown.*

BEYOND time's troubled stream,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark
river,
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
Its dark realities and fleeting dreams —
A beautiful forever.

IT is true
That we have wept. But O this thread of
gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon this wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know
That memory is possession. — *Jean Ingelow.*

SOMETHING beyond! Though now with joy
unfound,
The life-task falleth from the weary hand,
Be brave, be patient! in the fair Beyond
Thou'lt understand.

Something beyond ! Ah, if it were not so,
Darker would be thy face, O brief to-day !
Earthward we'd bow beneath life's smiting woe,
Powerless to pray.

Something beyond ! The immortal morning stands
Above the night clear shines her prescient brow ;
The pendulous star in her transfigured hands
Lights up the Now.

— *Mary Clemner.*

I'VE nearly passed the shadows and the sorrows
here below ;
A little while — a little while, and He will come,
I know,
And take me to the glory that I think is very near,
When I shall see Him face to face and His kind
welcome hear.

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

. . . AT the best, we, like our fathers, are only
dwellers in tents. Here and there — by
some sweet well, under some spreading tree, on
some green spot — we linger for a time ; but the
evening comes at last, the stars come out, the en-
campment is broken up, and we must move away.

And very soon we shall have made our last stay of all ; the sky will flush with the crimson of its last sunset ; the last long shadows of the twilight will lengthen round us ; the last farewell will be sighed forth from weary lips. After that our tent will be moved no longer ; for then we hope that it will be pitched, for the last time, under the walls of the heavenly city, and the sun shall go down on us no more.

— *Canon Farrar.*

A LITTLE WHILE

A LITTLE while more of the sunshine,
A few dashes more of the rain,
A few draughts more of sweet pleasure,
A little communing with pain.

A springtime, perhaps, and a summer,
A harvest to sow and to reap,
A few more rainbows of promise,
A few more tears to weep.

A Bethel of rapturous vision,
A desert of pain to cross ;
A little more bliss to beguile us,
A little more sorrow and loss.

A little more toilsome climbing,
A little of restful delight,
And we all shall be walking together
In the country beyond our sight.

And brother shall meet again brother,
On those far, undiscovered plains ;
Shall we hate, then, or love each other,
The little while that remains ?

— *Luella Clark.*

A SONG OF VICTORY

I THANK Thee, O my Father,
For the sunshine and the rain,
For the beauty and the pleasure,
For the weariness and pain.

For the hours of sorrow brought me
Knowledge of a joy divine ;
And I learned, through pain and weakness,
That the strength of God is mine.

And the burning, sun-scorched pathway,
That compelled me to the shade,
Led me to the crystal fountain
That amid the shadows played.

* * * * *

And I learned amid the darkness
By the spirit's sight to see,
Learned that angel hosts were ready
In my need to come to me.

Learned to welcome pain and trials,
Wings to bear my soul above,
Learned to know that round about me
Are the arms of Changeless Love.

— *Ida L. Lewis.*

VIII

WE go,
Led by His shielding hand, and know
He will not make,
Except for Love's sweet sake,
A single day
Shadowed along life's bitter way.
When it is night
We rest in this — He leadeth toward the light.
— *George Klinge.*

HYMN OF TRUST

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near !

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

UNTRODDEN lies the pathway
Of the days that are to be,
And I glance, half-questioning, onward,
For this way is new to me.
Perchance I note some waymarks
Which the former journey bore,
But, after all, it's a strange, new place,
Where I have not walked before.

For a dim and veiled future
Stretches out beyond my sight,
And only one day's march at a time
Can show the dark or bright.
There may be thorns by the wayside
To pierce my pilgrim feet,
Or my eager hands shall gather
Some flowers rarely sweet.

There may be toils and shadows
I have not thought to see,
Or a sunnier path than e'er I trod
May be awaiting me.
But I'll press calmly forward,
For this one thing I know,
The Guide who led in former days
Still at my side will go.

— *Anon.*

I SEE not a step before me
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

It may be that there is waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

Oh, restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessed not to know;
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

So I go on, not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God
Than go alone in the light;
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

— *M. G. Brainard.*

'TIS fruitless for mankind
To fret themselves with what concerns them not;
They are no use that way; they should lie down
Content, as God has made them, nor go mad
In thriveless cares to better what is ill.

— *Robert Browning.*

TAKE thy self-denials gayly and cheerfully,
and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on
dark things and bright alike.

— *James Freeman Clarke.*

CHRISTIANITY wants nothing so much as
sunny people.

— *Henry Drummond.*

A TRUE and gentle cheerfulness is love in
society, holding sweet intercourse with those
around it. It is considerateness; it is tenderness
of feeling; it is promptitude of sympathy. It is
love in all its depths and in all its delicacy. It is
everything included in that matchless grace.

— *The Gentleness of Christ.*

GOD'S love runneth faster than our feet
To meet us stealing back to Him and peace,
And kisses dumb our shame. — *Edwin Arnold.*

IF I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart — what a man should chiefly look to as the power that is to enable him manfully to confront his afflictions — I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called “The Old, Old Story,” told of in an old, old Book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.
— *Gladstone.*

LET us turn to our Father in all our misfortunes; let us sink into that *tender Bosom*, where nothing can fail us; let us rejoice in hope.
— *Fénelon.*

THE little, sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Why not take to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;

Tell Him the baffled purpose
When we scarce knew what to do ;
Then leaving all our weakness
With One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.
— *Margaret Sangster.*

I LIFT to Thee this burdened heart of mine,
Filled with the shadows of the deepening night ;
Thou floodest me with rays of love divine,
And darkness flees from me, and all is light.
— *Frances Coan Percy.*

HOPE and pray — trust always.
— *John G. Whittier.*

OH, surely who will guide
The bird at eventide,
Into her nest,
Will take me when life's day
Shall fade in twilight gray,
Back to His breast.
— *Julia Anna Wolcott.*

AND so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

— *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

WHAT is a rainbow but just clouds and everyday sunshine, far enough away to be marvellously beautiful ? Sometime we may see many things that seem prosaically common and near at hand now, even thus glorified. — *Zion's Herald.*

I AM so glad ! It is such rest to know
That Thou hast ordered and appointed all,
And will yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand,
And would not choose, has been and yet may be,
Thou chooseth, Thou performest, Thou, my Lord.
This is enough for me.

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

DEAR child, dost feel too sad to pray?
Then clasp God's hand.

You've but to reach a wee, wee way,
Since He's been waiting for you aye;
He's always known you'd need, *this day*,
To clasp His hand.

— *Helen Eldridge.*

Down in the shadowed valley
We sometimes grope in vain;
But to the soul ascending
God's purposes are plain.
And high up on the summits
The lofty vision scans
The mighty view unfolding—
The network of God's plans.

— *Western Field.*

GOD'S promises are all lamps to light up dark places; and I know of no brighter one than this: "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

But maybe you are already in the long, dark passageway. Or possibly the valley through which your steps are leading is a very dark and shadowed one. Then gladly I bid you look up and catch

some of the light which God sheds down from this blessed assurance.

“ When the sun withdraws its light,
Lo ! the stars of God are there ;
Present host, unseen till night —
Matchless, countless, silent, fair.”

If we never had nights, we could never see the stars. And so if you and I never had any trouble, we could never enjoy such a promise as this of which we have written. We do not love nights, but we do love the stars. We do not love sorrow and trouble, but we do bless God for sustaining grace. We do not love weakness, but we rejoice in such promises of God as will uphold us when weakness comes.

— *G. B. F. Hallock.*

GOD can overrule even a great mistake to the chastening and therefore the bettering of character.

— *Anon.*

THE little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,

Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God. — *Anon.*

O REST so true, so sweet !
Would it were shared by all the weary
world !
'Neath shadowing banner of the Master's piercèd
feet,
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's rest !
— *F. R. Havergal.*

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart
should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here ;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine
Like quiet night ;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light !

— *Adelaide A. Procter.*

SO faith is strong
Only when we are strong, shrinks when we
shrink.

It comes when music stirs us, and the chords,
Moving on some grand climax, shake our souls
With influx new, that makes new energies.
It comes in swellings of the heart and tears
That rise at noble and at gentle deeds.
It comes in moments of heroic love,
Unjealous joy in joy not made for us ;
In conscious triumph of the good within,
Making us worship goodness that rebukes.

Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp,
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love.

— *George Eliot.*

HOPE, child, to-morrow and to-morrow still,
And every morrow hope —
Trust while you live. — *Victor Hugo.*

TO-DAY

I WILL not look along the years
And try to trace my future way, —
I only need to see my path
For this one day.

O Thou who art my life, my hope,
Who art each weak heart's strength and stay,
Help me to live within the line
That bounds to-day.

Then loving with Thy patient love
That waits to lift and heal alway,
My heart can hold no thought, no wish,
Beyond to-day. — *Mary Frances Butts.*

TRUST Him implicitly, submit to Him cheer-
fully, and you will find that all shall be well ;
that more grace will be given you ; that the heavier
the trial the larger will be the blessed measure of

the strength. The Shepherd is leading you in the right way to His own blessed fold. Leave it all to Him.

— *Alexander McKenzie.*

GOD! Thou art Love! I build my faith on that.

— *Robert Browning.*

JUST FOR TO-DAY

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Just for to-day.
Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey ;
Help me to sacrifice myself
Just for to-day.
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinkingly say ;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace
Just for to-day.
Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.
— *Samuel Wilberforce.*

A SUN-DAY HYMN

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere.
Yet to each living heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

THE summer day is drawing to a close,
But Thou wast with us as when morning rose ;
Be with us still, to pardon and to bless,
Thou Son of love, and Lord of righteousness.

The evening shadows gather round us now,
But shine Thou on us as we humbly bow ;
Thou art the Light that can no shadow cast,
Unchanging in the future as the past.

And when the stars come forth we'll think of
Thee,
Creator of the starlit canopy ;
The stars are Thine and Thou ordainest them
As gems in Thy resplendent diadem !

The summer day must end, the shadows fall,
The stars appear, and Thou art over all ;
Shine Thou in us, as well as on us, Lord !
Then shall we be with Thee in sweet accord.

Give us to shine with Thy imparted light,
As children of the day, and not of night ;
And when all earthly lights shall fade away,
We'll find in Thee our never-fading day.

— *Dawson Burns.*

IT is the supreme privilege of life to come into personal relations with Jesus Christ. To have Him as your Friend sanctifies friendship ; to have Him as your Guide gives assurance to the heart ; to have Him as your Example quickens an ambition to reproduce the Pattern Life ; to have Him as your Saviour comforts the soul, and admits you into the enjoyment of the heritage of light, peace, and love that belongs to all who have been redeemed, not with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ.

But this privilege is secured through submission to the mastery of Jesus, and obedience to His will. There can be no climbing to the heights without the abandonment of the lowlands. If one would

stand in the presence of the King, he must be worthy, and worthiness comes through loyal allegiance.

To enjoy this high privilege in its fulness it is necessary to acknowledge the exaltation of Jesus in all the relations of life. There must be honesty, uprightness, unselfishness in business; kindness, courtesy, considerateness in social life; thoughtfulness, forbearance, self-sacrifice in the domestic circle; honor, integrity, fidelity in politics; sincerity, tolerance, fairness in the intellectual realm; chasteness, refinement, purity of imagination; so that the heart being filled with goodness, sympathy, and Christian love, the soul may be at peace, and the whole life be under the gracious supremacy of the spirit of Jesus Christ.

— *Epworth Herald*.

THY will not mine be done. Six little words,— all very brief, but, nevertheless, wondrous words; for never yet did a soul, out of need, look up and whisper them, but that straightway in response the angels came to minister.

— *J. L. Spaulding*.

THERE is nothing so clear to me ever, dear
heart,

As that strength will be lent, if we ask it,
To bear what the Lord shall have sent.

And that every hard duty will find us
With strength to attempt, and indeed
Overcome it, at length.

If we cling to the Giver of strength,
Nor let go, when the weakest we feel,
For I'm certain, I know, that the weakest
May hold to God's hand with a grip,
That is ever unyielding if only the lip,
Can say, "Help me, O Father!"
So quickly He hears, and so soon is
He touched by our need and our tears.

— *A. A. Hopkins.*

THE present is ours,—and the rest—that is
God's. He will care for His own as is best,
and our watching is worthless, our dread is in vain.

— *Anon.*

DO not look forward to the changes and chances
of this life in fear; rather look at them with
full hope that, as they arise, God, whose you are,

will deliver you out of them. He has kept you hitherto, — do you but hold fast to His dear hand, and He will lead you safely through all things. Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow, the same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow, and every day.

— *Francis de Sales.*

AND let the morrow rest
In His belovèd hand;
His good is better than our best,
As we shall understand, —
If trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, forever!

— *Frances R. Havergal.*

WITHOUT murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand.

Leave whatever things thou canst not —

Understand. — *K. R. Kavenbach.*

ONE of the secrets of a happy, beautiful life is,
to live one day at a time. — *J. R. Miller.*

AS thy days, so shall thy strength be.
— *Deut. 33 : 25.*

— This daily promise is *your* daily blessing.

STRENGTH for the day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow,
For to-morrow will be but another day,
With its measure of joy and of sorrow.

Then why be forecasting the trials of life
With so sad and so grievous persistence?
Why anxiously wait for the coming of ills
That never may have an existence?

Far better to trust to the wisdom and love
Of the Providence ever beside us,
With no anxious thought what the future may
bring,
For He guides all events that betide us.

As in mercy He guides every bird in its flight,
And gives to each lily its beauty,
He will surely provide for our every need,
If we trust and are faithful in duty.

— *Philip Doddridge.*

NOW, Father,—now, in thy dear presence
kneeling,

Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
Now make us strong,—we need thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

— *Samuel Johnson.*

THY will that works from clod to star,
That stretches the bright rainbow bar,
That rules the land, restrains the sea,
That perfect will be done in me.
So shall I rest from pain and care,
Be safe and peaceful everywhere.

— *Mary Frances Butts.*

JUST to give up, and rest
All on a Love secure,
Out of a world that's hard at best,
Looking to heaven as sure ;
Ever to hope, through cloud and fear,
In darkest night, that the dawn is near ;
Just to wait at the Master's feet —
Surely, now, the bitter is sweet.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

UNANSWERED YET

UNANSWERED yet — the prayers your lips
have pleaded

In agony of heart these many years ?
Does faith begin to fail ? is hope departing ?
And think you all in vain those falling tears ?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer ;
You shall have your desire — sometime, some-
where.

Unanswered yet ? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known :
Though years have passed since then, do not
despair,
The Lord will answer you — sometime, some-
where.

Unanswered yet ? nay, do not say ungranted ;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done ;
The work began when first your prayer was
uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun :
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see — sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? faith cannot be unanswered —
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock —
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done — sometime, some-
where." — *Mrs. F. C. Browning.*

GOD KNOWS

THROUGH all my little daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it
comes.

'Tis this: "God knows." He knows
Each struggle that my hard heart makes to bring
My will to His. Often when night-time comes,
My heart is full of tears, because the good
That seemed at morn so easy to be done
Has proved so hard; but then remembering
That a kind Father is my judge, I say,
"He knows." And so I lay me down, with trust
That His good hand will give me needed strength
To better do His work in coming days.

— *Anon. in Epworth Herald,*

MY position has come to this, am I living near my Saviour then I am as happy as the day is long, and as light-hearted as a child. It may be that I have plenty of annoyances, but they don't trouble me when His presence is with me. Am I downcast and worried, then I am away from God.

— *John Kenneth Mackenzie.*

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are fill'd
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

— *R. C. French.*

HAPPY and strong and brave shall we be, —
able to endure all things, and to do all things,
— if we believe that every day, every hour, every
moment of our life is in His hands.

— *Henry van Dyke.*

THOUGH sad my day that lasts so long,
At evening I shall have a song ;
Though dim my day until the night,
At evening-time there shall be light.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

GOD never leaves thee in the dark.
Slowly the dawn on unbelieving eyes
Breaketh at last.

— *Julia C. R. Dorr.*

BE the day weary, or be the day long, — at
last it ringeth the even-song.

UNDER the snows —
The rose !
And the vales sing joy to the misty hills,
And the winds ripple it down the rills ;

And the far stars answer the song that swells
With all the music of all the bells !

Fronting the night

The light.

— *Frank Stanton.*

THE PRICE

FOR the joy set before thee
The cross.

For the gain that comes after,
The loss.

For the morning that smileth,
The night.

For the peace of the victor,
The fight.

For the white rose of goodness,
The thorn.

For the spirit's deep wisdom,
Men's scorn.

For the sunshine of gladness,
The rain.

For the fruit of God's pruning,
The pain.

For the clear bells of triumph,
A knell.
For the sweet kiss of meeting,
Farewell.
For the height of the mountain,
The steep.
For the waking in heaven,
Death's sleep.

— *Mary Frances Butts.*

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